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NIX

NANNA

A STORY OF DANISH LOVE

TALES FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

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NANNA

A STORY OF DANISH LOVE

(*Poul og Virginie under nordlig Bredde*)

FROM THE DANISH OF

HOLGER DRACHMANN

RE-WRITTEN IN ENGLISH BY FRANCIS F. BROWNE

CHICAGO
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1901

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Some years ago my excellent Danish friend, the lamented Thorkild A. Schovelin, spoke to me in admiration of the works of his countryman Holger Drachmann, and suggested the project of making an English translation of one of the most favored and characteristic of these, *Poul og Virginie under nordlig Bredde* ("Paul and Viginia of a Northern Zone"); and at his request I aided in the not easy task of giving to this charming Northern idyll an adequate English setting. In revising the work for publication under a new title, taken from its heroine in accordance with the usage of the popular series of love-tales of which it now forms a part, I am conscious of shortcomings which, had my friend lived, he might have done much to aid in remedying. Yet I trust enough of the beauty and distinctiveness of the original has been transferred to these pages, not only to afford a rare pleasure to the English reader, but to justify in his view the author's naming of his little tale after the French classic which, in spite of an unlikeness in style and treatment answering to that of the races from which the works are sprung, it still in a way suggests.

Francis F. Browne.

Chicago, September, 1901.

APR 1924
TRANSFER FROM G. U.

NANNA

A STORY OF DANISH LOVE

I.

THERE lay the strand, washed by the waves of the broad bay. The forest had retreated, giving a free playground to the sand. Following the rim of the bay, the beach lay in a vast horse-shoe curve between the trees and the salt water. Sometimes, though very rarely, the water yielded to some pressure of wind or tide from the open sea and dashed up to the forest. When the pressure ceased, the water retreated from the forest more quietly than it came. Very old people of the region could tell of this; but the younger ones listened to the tale with a smile, for within their memory the water had never been so far up as the forest. It seemed as incredible as that the forest could go down

to the water; and this, surely, could never happen.

But whence had come all this sand which formed the barren region between the fresh green water and the fresh green trees? It might have been blown there, could be answered. But whence could it have been blown? Sand does not blow straight up from the sea, and still less does it blow out from the trees, from the forest, where the soil is firm, clothed at the edge with brass-yellow lichens; farther in, covered with soft carpets of moss; and farther still, where the little swamps and swales appear, decked with fine waving grass. From here the sand could not possibly have come; it must, then, have been washed up by the waves.

And these waves must have been very strong. In chasms below the forest, the yellow clay was washed away from the dark tree-roots, leaving them, in appearance, not unlike great bunches of serpents. Even the broad sandy plain nearest the water's edge was furrowed by

deep regular wrinkles, like the forehead of a bald man. Nothing grew here—unless it were the stones. Of these, some were large, of a bluish gray or reddish color; they could be seen at a great distance. Whenever the weather was damp, as it was the greater part of the year, these stones appeared to be weeping. As they lay there they looked like immense eyes covered by a misty film. Besides these large stones, there were millions of smaller ones, which glittered sharply, like small points, when the spring or summer sun glared down upon them; and then it seemed as though they turned themselves about constantly to avoid the heat. Sometimes, when the wind whistled over the plain, it began to frolic as if it were a boisterous child. It raised up small heaps of sand from pits and holes, shaped them with pointed tops bent forward, and thus let them stand, smoking lightly like a rocket, until it took a freak to move them. Yet sometimes these heaps remained; and then there came, from one place or another, no one could tell

where, a few yellow rattling straws, which by and by gathered companions and succeeded in keeping the heap together, while they themselves kept circling about in the sand, as one draws circles with a pair of compasses, to and fro, to and fro, without ceasing.

When the summer was dry, it was burning hot on the sand. But the cloudless sky and the fiery heat seldom lasted long, and usually there was a fresh breeze here the whole year round — perhaps almost too fresh for delicate people. The storms of autumn and winter had here an unobstructed playground from October to May, sometimes even to June. But all the more precious were the two summer months — if people were not cheated out of these also by the rain. When this happened, they fixed their hopes upon September — a month which, as a rule, was clear and glittering, with warm middays and cool starry nights. In October, the storms of spring returned, alternating with fogs which lasted, interrupted by rain-storms, till toward Christmas. Then

came the winter storms, with snow, and with ice wedging itself in along the bay. And now coast and sea seemed one. A great white waste appeared, with a heavy gray sky above; the forest was like a hedge of bushes, from which crows flew up, and where now and then the report of a gun was heard.

In mid-winter the heavy sky was lifted, when the frost filled the air. Then came clear, bright days, in which one could see far over the white waste, far beyond the limits of the bay, out to the cold dark-blue sea. Then came still brighter nights, with glittering stars, the skyey arch lifted high over the coast; bright flooding moonlight casting long shadows over the sand; the storm and the sea brought to silence. Then the wild goose shrieked; then the storms returned; then it seemed as though everything would dissolve into sleet, rain, wind, and fog,—a sad and gloomy chaos, through which the spring at last forced its way.

The snow melted, the ice drifted away. The shore regained its former limits; the sun be-

gan to shine; the big stones wept, the small ones glistened and seemed again to turn themselves about. Green tints appeared along the forest rim; the trees became brown-red and sappy, and on the wet sandy road, with its deep ruts, people ventured on foot or in wagons from the forest down to the shore, to the village situated there.

For there was a village here — here upon the sand; otherwise we should probably have nothing more to tell — no more than of any barren strand of our northern zone.

Surroundings, it is said, make the man; and there is truth in the saying. But if this is the case, it must be hard to say how these people turned out who had settled down here. What might not be the results of living upon a coast, forest behind and sea before, and exposed always to the humors of the changing weather? The chances would seem to be that one would get as many minds during the week and the month as there are different winds. But the minds of these people were anything but changeable.

They let the rain wet them through, the storm break out, and the heaven grow clear again, without deviating in the least from their daily work and daily habits. They seemed to have gotten their characteristics chiefly from the sand. Like it, they easily swept away the traces of passing events. Those small, smoking, movable heaps, which appeared here and there, were levelled in a surprisingly short time. Only smooth and solid sand-drifts remained. There the dwellers built their houses, sheltered by the drifts from wind and sea; and between them, as limits and bounds, they planted their potatoes in very small gardens, all of them alike.

The inhabitants who had reached a mature age had really only two kinds of temperament, according to their outward conditions of life. One half of the village consisted of small, low fishers' huts, whose owners were forced, with their families, to toil hard upon sea and shore for daily food. The temperament here was reserved and moody, not without a certain dash

of independence, which in the young was becoming enough when it was coupled with activity, but in the old dwindled into a morose restiveness which was not becoming.

The other houses in the village were neat cottages, with green painted fences and a flagstaff in the middle of one of the potato-beds. They were mostly occupied by people who had toiled hard, and now took their rest: old captains who had cast anchor for the balance of their years, and had saved enough to enable them to raise their potatoes and paint their fences, without care for the morrow. Their more fortunate circumstances added to their hardness a certain humorous kindliness: people have always a smile and a little joke to spare when they are sure that their bank-book is snugly stowed away in their drawer. Yet their good humor rested upon a basis of the same temperament found in the modest huts. No man escapes wholly from his origin; and the prevailing feature of moodiness and reserve which this coast seemed to produce was now

and then betrayed by those more fortunately situated. Especially did it appear in those captains who had not yet laid by either the vessel or the bank-book. And from the head of the family it was transferred to the other members. The barren strand, the short summers, the severe winters, formed the characters of these inhabitants. Surely, it is the surroundings which make the man.

The village smithy was situated near the outskirts of the town. It was the last noticeable building one saw when leaving the place, the first one met when entering it. Realizing its conspicuous position, the smith had done his best to give his place an imposing outward appearance. Between his residence and the smithy was a yard, surrounded by a tar-coated tight board-fence. Here the farmers' wagons could stand when they needed repairing, or when the horses wanted shoeing; and here the fishermen's boat-fixtures, waiting to be mended, could lean against the fence; sometimes, in-

deed, an entire boat could lie here, when the smith's help was needed for it. Here, close to the fence, stood the kennel of a large, strong, one-eyed, stump-tailed dog, half white, half black. His name was Prussian. When loose, he feared neither the waters of the sea nor the fires of the smithy; and hence he was usually kept chained. He had suffered much in his lifetime, especially during the year of the war between Denmark and Prussia. The patriotic smith, who was fond of his dog, had many times during that war wavered between his love for the beast and his patriotism. The poor creature had been subjected to much cruelty on account of his name and color, and the smith had re-christened him as 'Dogman,' thinking thereby to divert some of the patriotic wrath from his guiltless skin. But a name is not so easily got rid of; and when, at the close of the war, matters became very bad, and the dog suffered more and more from stones and curses, the smith had one day taken down his great beach-gun from its place over the forge

and mournfully prepared to offer up a sacrifice on the altar of public opinion. The smith's son, however, had begged so earnestly for his dumb friend that the dog was spared, and afterwards kept hidden in a corner of the smithy.

Everything passes away: a war, and its results as well. Prussian again dwelt in his kennel, close by the fence; but he had preserved the memory of that epoch, and his temper, originally good, had become soured. He had grown hoarse with barking at everyone whom he suspected of having been among his oppressors; even the smith dared not rely entirely upon the animal's self-control; sometimes he would look at him with his single eye (the other had been blinded by a stone) in a way which indicated that his original habit of obedience struggled with a later consciousness of the intent to shoot him merely for having an ill-sounding name and a skin for which he was no more responsible. Surely we ought not to ask impossibilities of a dog.

Yet the smith himself did not pay much at-

tention to the dog. Since the death of his wife he had grown more moody than ever, somewhat sad, and a little irritable. He attended diligently to his work, instructed his son and assistant, or gave him philosophical advice in his own sententious way. His father and grandfather and all his ancestors had been fishermen, pilots, or captains. He had himself been a fisherman in his youth. Later he had passed examination as a mate; but while upon a voyage he had got at variance with his captain so seriously that he was obliged to leave the vessel—according to rumors and conjectures, barely escaping indictment for mutiny. The facts, however, were that the captain, like many old-time sailors, had been a brutal man, and not always sober. One of the crew had been maltreated, and the mate had interfered, it was said, in a manner so unmistakable that the owner of the vessel, although disposed to sustain his action, felt compelled to reprimand him—all the more as the captain was related to the owner, and had a

share in the vessel. The mate, who was as honorable and proud-spirited as he was chivalric, and whose young blood had not yet learned to regulate its temperature by outward circumstances, bade an eternal adieu to the sea and all that belonged to it. He was possessed of strong arms and skilful fingers, and seemed able to get something out of whatever he took hold of. While at the capital, an accident brought him into the company of a comrade who was a smith. He chose this trade; and after remaining some years at the capital, he returned home, succeeded in borrowing some money, bought the old master out of his sooty cave, by and by had the smithy built in its present shape, then married, and had a son.

This son, Tönnes, was to be brought up to his father's trade, and the smith began to teach the boy as soon as the little fingers could hold a hammer. The sea was never mentioned. The boy should be kept away from that.

But it is no easy matter to keep a boy from the sea when he lives in a little town situated

on an open coast; particularly when family propensities are in the blood. The father had sternly subdued his own seafaring inclinations. It was sometimes touching, sometimes even painful, to observe the education of the boy and its double aim: to force him away from an inclination which had grown with his growth, from temptations which were always before him in the shape of boats, vessels, and playmates, and to urge him to tasks which were entirely opposed to his nature, and which he shared with his silent father in the dark sooty shop, where the bellows groaned and told of gale and storm, and where the sparks flew about in showers under the monotonous blows of the hammer, as if they would enkindle that resisting force which lay slumbering in the character of the boy.

It was touching and painful, too, to see how the father himself, in spite of the years which had rolled over him during his hard and wearisome work, constantly struggled with his old inclinations. Perhaps he did not notice it him-

self. The people of this coast (especially the industrious smith) had neither the faculty nor the time for pursuing their own little emotions beneath the woollen shirt and the hairy breast. When the smith discovered his son with a toy which, in the apt hand of the boy, began to assume the form of a boat, he always snatched it roughly from him. He never beat the boy, and was never unduly severe to him: did not he himself suffer from this double nature which his child had inherited? He was an uncultivated man, as we regard cultivation; but he had that better culture of the heart which never permits a man to be actually unjust. But what he had resolved upon must be done — just as he had carried out his resolution in his own case. He said many angry words and delivered short and emphatic admonitions; but perhaps he himself suffered most from them. He always, particularly after the death of his wife, chose the beach for his long solitary walks; and here he would often stop to observe from a distance the work upon the boats, or would

throw himself down upon a tuft of beach-grass on the sand or near the edge of the forest, and with his old telescope would follow the course of the ships over the bay — seeing them, not without visible emotion, rounding the far-off point under full sail, or, perhaps with still greater emotion, watching them tacking down the bay, and, passing the harbor mouth, stand boldly out into the open sea, . . . whither? He lay there guessing; — had not he himself crossed the deep?

And when, early next morning, he stood at his forge, with his apron on and the tongs in his hand, he was still more silent than ever. One day he had even ordered the boy to leave him alone in the smithy. It was the day after a shipwreck, when the smith had let anvils and tongs, hammers and nails take care of themselves, and had been in the life-boat as one of the most active of the rescuers.

The best comforter — and, so far, the only one — which Tönnes had, was the dog. As a rule, he was compelled to forego the company

of comrades. Thus, only Prussian was left him; and the two were—not inseparable, for, as a rule, each of them had his chain to wear. But at night, and on Sundays and holidays, they were constantly together. At first these meetings took place in, or directly in front of, the dog-house; but when the boy had grown older he secretly forged a new ring for the dog's chain, so that he could open and close it at will, and then they went together far over the wide sandy plain, sometimes even—though this was forbidden—into the forest.

The father did not care to notice these excursions. Perhaps he felt that the boy must have at least one playmate, and certainly this four-legged one could not be suspected of tempting him to a boat-ride.

The father, for his part, had one friend, or acquaintance, who visited him in the solitary smithy. This friend was a former cannoneer, of the genuine old stock. He held a humble position as inspector of a signal station situated at the edge of the forest. It was a

wooden shanty, with some signal-charts on the walls, and a stovepipe running out through the roof. In the grounds outside was a flag-pole; below the cross-tree was a gaff, to which balloon-shaped wicker baskets were hoisted to show the force of the wind, and from which signals could be exchanged with passing vessels. The man had but one leg, and hopped about like a magpie, with the aid of a stick; he was so very thin that there was not enough flesh on his bones for the birds to pick; he had a sharp nose under a large-visored cap, which he never took off; he wore a woollen shirt, which was seldom covered by a jacket. His name was Jacob Bunke; but he was usually called Jacob. He had tact enough to keep silent when the smith was ill-humored and to speak when the time seemed favorable. He used to hobble down to the smithy on Saturday nights, when it was fair weather with light wind, and there were few or no vessels in sight. These slight derelictions in his guard-duty had not yet drawn any punishment upon his head; yet he

secretly dreaded it every time he thus deserted his post for a short time, and whenever he sat with the smith he constantly thought of the possibility of finding, on his return to the shanty, an official letter with the red seal of the government. As soon as a strange cloud, which might indicate some change of weather, appeared over the forest or the sand-plain, Jacob limped back. In his opinion the welfare of the country depended upon his being on duty when the first breath of a breeze blew one way or the other over the bay.

It was Saturday night, after working-hours; the weather was mild: it was in early spring. As has been stated, the smithy was situated near the limits of the village, just where the brook, coming from the forest, met the road and passed through a stone culvert under it. The course of the brook, which was indicated by verdure along its sides and a fringe of willows leaning over it, formed a curve around the yellow gable-ends and the potato gardens of the village, until it lost itself in a small glit-

tering pool, far away in the naked sand-plain.

The sun was setting behind the promontory. The bay glimmered like gold; the heights of the promontory were violet-tinted. The smith's boy opened the little window in the sooty wall looking toward the shore. His father had left the smithy and gone to the dwelling-house, on the other side of the yard.

The fresh coolness from the distant shore and the damp earthy smell from the nearer potato-gardens floated in toward the boy, and mingled with the rust and sooty dust, and the fumes of the coals burning in the forge. He had worked very steadily that afternoon, but had still a small extra job to do — making some horse-shoe nails.

He was a well-built boy, somewhat slender, fifteen or sixteen years of age, with brown arms bare below the elbow, and hard hands; a small cap sat on his dusty hair; he had black spots about the nose and under his clear blue eyes, where he had wiped off the perspiration.

He stood looking at the inviting world out-

side. He was accustomed to have, inside, only the black forge to look at; and outside, the yard, with its fence, and Prussian.

He could finish his task in half an hour, and would still have part of that evening left and all the morrow. What should he do then?

He sighed lightly without really knowing why, and turned quickly around at a sound behind him.

He feared it might be his father coming to surprise him. But it was not the smith. It was a girl who stood at the threshold.

Tönnes' first movement was to thrust his hands under his apron and wipe them upon its leathern folds. But quickly becoming conscious that this would not greatly improve their appearance, he withdrew them, pushed his cap to its proper place upon his head, and went slowly to the forge, where, with a pair of tongs in his hand, he drew the half-burnt coals together, with the other hand pulled the handle of the bellows, and then for the first time turned his eyes inquiringly toward the girl.

Soon he let go of the handle, as the bellows made too much noise, and he wished to hear what the girl might have to say.

But she said nothing.

Then he wiped his face under his eyes, pulled the handle of the bellows again, so that they creaked and roared, and a sharp flame broke through the coals. Then with his tongs he took up a slender piece of iron, held it in the fire till it glowed, let go the handle, placed the hot iron on the anvil and showered blows upon it with the hammer, turning it now upon one side and now upon the other, until by and by he succeeded in drawing it out into a long thin rod.

'What are you doing there?' asked the girl.

'Good evening, Nanna!' said the boy.

'I ask, what are you doing?' said the girl, putting out her lip, while she thrust some yellow reluctant curls back under her hood.

She might have been about fourteen years old; was almost full-grown, with a slender form, bare arms, and somewhat sullen features;

she stood firmly on her feet, which, seen below her short skirt, seemed to be turned slightly inward.

'I am making horse-shoe nails.'

'What are those?'

'Nails for shoes.'

'Shoes? what shoes? Do you mean boots?' and she glanced down at her own, and corrected their position.

'Horse-shoes. The nail is cut off here, so. Do you see this groove here in the anvil? Here the nail is hammered; a little head is formed, so; then the piece is broken off with the tongs, and the nail is finished. Wait a moment. . . .'

Still holding the nail with the tongs, he dipped it into the water kept for cooling; it sizzed; he held it out toward her.

'It will not burn you,' he said. 'It has been cooled in the water.'

'Is it clean water?' asked she.

'Do you wish to drink?' said he, with a smile.

'No! Can you lift that great hammer there?'

'Do you mean the sledge-hammer? Yes, I can lift it, but only father uses it.'

'Is he strong?'

'Yes, he is very strong. I can use all the other hammers. Here is the hand-hammer, and here is the hammer for driving the nails into the shoes.'

He had gathered the hammers from the shelf along the wall on both sides of the forge, where all kinds of tools were placed, side by side.

'Show me how a horse is shod!' said the girl, in a somewhat commanding tone, and without taking any notice of his hammers.

He looked at her inquiringly, as though uncertain whether she was jesting or in earnest, or possibly was lacking in common-sense.

But she seemed quite in earnest, as she stood waiting for him.

'I cannot show you how to shoe a horse when I have none, for I certainly cannot shoe you,' he answered at length.

She reflected for a few moments.

'Show me a horse-shoe!' she said.

'I can show you father's masterpiece,' he replied, going over to the tool-case by the window, in whose dusty casement were found, besides a colored picture of Bernadotte, a piece of looking-glass, and some soap, several horse-shoes, some of them broken and some whole. He returned, bringing one of the best of these.

'Look!' said he; 'here is the groove, with the holes through which the nails are driven; and here are the corks which hold when the ground is slippery. And here, on the hind-shoe, is a little prong bending forward; the fore-shoe is shaped more round. And, besides, there are smoother shoes, and shoes without prongs. This flat tool-box is used when shoeing; and here is the hammer, and the hoof-knife, and the pincers, and the file, and the rasp, and the tongs. And so the horse is shod.'

'It was quickly done,' said she.

'Yes,' answered he, without noticing her tone; 'we are always handy at horse-shoeing.'

He looked around, apparently glad at being able to explain all these things to her. Never before had the sooty smithy appeared to him to hold so much of interest. He thought (and, indeed, who does not thus think when receiving a visit in one's own precincts?) that everything there, without exception, must be of interest; and he began pouring out a stream of words.

'The anvil you know, of course? This point here we call the horn, and the wooden part we call the anvil-block. We have also another, a smaller one, as you see. And here are other tools; do you see all these pairs of tongs? These we call "Swedish Nose."'

'Why "Swedish"?'

'I don't know; but they are called so. Here on the bench you can see the big and little vises; and this thing, with the two clamps and a screw in the middle, is an English vise-pin.'

'You have more hammers than other tools, it seems.'

'Yes, I believe so,' said he.

She made inquiries about the bellows, and pulled the handle herself.

'This is the bellows,' said he, pointing behind the forge; 'and this is the handle. That is the fireplace of the forge; these black things are the cinders; and here below is the place for the coal.'

He paused to take breath after his somewhat lengthy explanations — the longest, undoubtedly, which he had ever given.

She had returned to the entrance.

'Are you going?' asked he.

'Yes,' she replied.

'Do n't you want to hear a little more?'

'No, it is so black here!'

'Yes,' he said, looking sadly around him.

'And you are such an ugly blacksmith's-boy!' And with this she turned round, ran across the yard, snapped her fingers at the dog, and disappeared.

He stood looking after her, and wiping his face under the eyes and around the nose. Then

he began again with his horse-shoe nails; but it was slow work.

'Now you may stop work!' cried his father's voice across the yard.

Tönnes started. Contrary to his custom he flung his tools aside in disorder, tore off his apron, threw water on the fire, seized the soap and looking-glass, and eagerly scrubbed himself—all the time looking into the glass to see if he were clean.

This, however, took some time; and he became more and more impatient. But at last he had improved his appearance. Then he went into the small closet, took off his working-suit, put on a coarse linen shirt and a jacket, brushed his cap, pressed it firmly on his head, and locked the smithy.

He did not look toward the dwelling-house, but went straight to the dog and loosened him. Prussian sprang up with his usual demonstrations of affection; but Tönnes repulsed him, and, with a depressed air, head held obliquely,

and watching the boy with his one eye, the dog trotted at his heels across the yard.

Somebody called Tönnes' name; but he took no notice. He followed the deep sandy way, winding between the huts and houses of the village. The huts, with the small gardens and dilapidated tar-coated palings, lined the road on one side. The more stately houses, with their green-painted fences, were on the other side.

In front of such a fence he stopped. Inside was the house, with red-brick walls, a straw-thatched roof with a border of tiles for eaves, and a green-painted door in the middle. In the windows were flowers in vases of delf decorated with gay rosettes; china dogs with blue muzzles; and stuffed humming-birds perched upon a varnished branch.

He had often looked at these magnificent things from the outside; but he was always impelled to stop and view them again, and especially that evening, when something was

struggling within him. Here lived Nanna.

She was not at the window, nor in the garden. He continued his walk. Perhaps she was down upon the beach.

But as he neared the beach, his steps grew slower. If she were there, what did he want of her? Should he speak to her? or should he only pass by and show her that he was not black, was not a . . .

He swallowed the word 'smith's-boy,' and his cheeks became a deep red.

He went down to the beach.

Immediately a cry was raised from some boys of his own age, or older: 'Tönnes! Come here, Tönnes!'

He did not answer the call, but only bade the dog follow him, and went a short distance away, to a sand-hill, where he threw himself upon his face, with his hands under his chin. Prussian lay down too, and began nibbling the beach-grass, looking up frequently at his master, who acted so strangely. Then the dog rolled about in the sand, at last resting on his

side, with his eye turned upward, and shaking his ears now and then. Evidently he was waiting for the weather to clear up; but he was too conscientious to beg for it. Everyone was very conscientious on this strand.

Some boats were returning home, well loaded. The sun was just at the verge of the water, and sent its last strong lustre playing over the fresh tar-coated boat-sides and the red sails. Tönnes attentively followed every movement of the boats; he saw how they stopped suddenly when near the shore, saw the men leap overboard in their long boots and quickly draw their boats to land. Then the men unloaded various things, in their arms or on their shoulders, and threw them in a heap upon the beach. Then they paused a moment, with arms akimbo, and looked around. Then some older men and grown-up boys came loitering across the sand. Everything went on leisurely, almost indifferently, and yet as though according to previous understanding. A few words were exchanged, when one of the men fastened an

iron hook, with a rope attached, to the prow of one of the boats, and quickly there was formed a long chain of woollen backs and blue backs, of bare legs, or legs in long boots—all formed on both sides of the rope, and leading up toward the land. Then there sounded a 'Yo, heave ho! Up with her!' And then all the backs around the rope leaned forward, while other backs and other legs thrust themselves under and along the sides of the tar-coated boat, and slowly and noiselessly she glided up on the strand.

The men let go, talked a little, and then began on the next boat. And soon all the boats were landed, and stood with their masts pointing here and there, in a long half-circle along the gently splashing water.

After Tönnes had viewed the scene long enough to satisfy himself that there were no human beings on the beach besides men and boys, he arose and called to Prussian. The dog sprang up with a straw between his teeth, poking his nose several times into a heap of

sand, as though he would say, 'Now, at last, the fun begins'; then went leaping on ahead of Tönnes, past the last houses on the strand, frightening some lean sheep that were tethered by the brook, paddling to and fro and lapping up the water, and turning his head constantly around to see if his master really followed, or if he too intended to deceive him.

Probably Tönnes was not thinking of the dog. He sprang carelessly over the brook, thereby wetting his shoes, and followed the path across the sandy grass hills, where some girls and women were taking down the nets which had been spread upon poles to dry.

He hurried by them, up toward the edge of the forest, where stood the wooden shanty of the signal station.

Old Jacob had just closed the door behind him, and now came limping down the narrow path.

'What! are you there, Tönnes?'

'Yes, 'tis I!'

'Perhaps your father is not at home?'

'Yes, he is.'

'Then we might walk together. There is only a light wind to-night, and it will not be likely to increase before dark. Have you been busy to-day?'

'I want to speak with you, Jacob!'

'What do you want?' The old man looked sharply out from under the visor of his cap, pushing it back a little. 'What is the matter?'

'The matter is, that I will not be a smith's boy, I will be a sailor — I will be a captain!'

The old man planted his cane firmly down in the sand, and stared at the boy.

'What is it you say?

Tönnes repeated the words with the same earnestness.

'But you cannot be a captain at first—I am sure of that. And what does your father say?'

The boy hesitated a moment.

'You must see father about it,' said he, in decided tones.

'Not for the world! What are you thinking of?' exclaimed old Jacob.

He seized his cane again, and limped on, grumbling; the boy at his side, the dog circling around them.

'It will end badly; it can never be,' muttered Jacob, half to himself. 'You know your father as well as I do.'

'But I will!' said the boy.

Jacob looked at him.

'How old are you?'

'Almost sixteen.'

'And next year you were to have been a journeyman?'

The boy did not answer.

'Tönnes, Tönnes, it will never do.'

The boy whistled to the dog.

'Good-by, Jacob!'

'Where are you going?'

'I am going home to tell my father that I will not be black all day, and make horse-shoe nails.'

'No—stop; take me with you! If there must be a quarrel, then I will take my share in it.'

And with these words, the old man, the boy, and the dog went together down to the smithy.

All of them, including the dog, stepped into the room where sat the smith, with his elbows on the table and spectacles on his nose, trying to read the little paper from the nearest town. He looked up over his spectacles, greeting Jacob with a nod, and staring at the boy and the dog.

'You bring company to-day, Jacob?'

'I met Tönnes at the signal station. He wanted — he —,' stammered the old man.

The smith eyed both of them closely.

'What does he want? Has he done wrong?'

The old man avoided his glance.

'What is the matter with the boy?'

The smith rose. In doing so he happened to step upon Prussian, who had crept under his chair. The dog yelped. The smith grew red in the face, and sprang to the door.

'Out with the cur!' cried he. 'What business have dogs in the house?' And with these

words he sent the beast flying into the yard, from a powerful thrust of his slipper.

'Now what is the matter with the boy?' said he. 'Come, out with it!'

'Your son is resolved to go to sea!' groaned the old man.

The smith turned on his heel, and stood in front of Tönnes. When the eyes of the father met those of the son, it seemed as though the strong man would throw himself upon the boy. Jacob had already put out his cane; but the smith, with a great effort, turned away and began pacing the floor.

'I thought so! I thought so!' he muttered.

Then he sat down on a chair by the wall, and made a sign to the boy to leave the room.

Tönnes obeyed, after having exchanged glances with Jacob. As soon as he reached the yard, he chained Prussian, and then stood stroking the dog's head. The animal responded gratefully to the caress; but the boy's thoughts were far away.

Then Jacob appeared in the door, closed one eye, and beckoned to Tönnes. He entered the house. His father eyed him sharply.

'You have my permission to be a ship-builder, and you can begin with the boat-builder Jonassen.'

Tönnes returned to the kennel, and stood there smiling, while Prussian licked his hard brown hands.

II.

CAPTAIN ANDREAS SPANG stood outside of boat-builder Jonassen's shed. He had come limping down to the beach, leaning on a staff. On his last voyage he had hurt his leg, and was to stay at home one trip. The leg had improved; the heavy, portly man, with rather flushed face, and somewhat scanty hair combed forward over his ears, had at last got out of bed and out of doors. None of his friends and companions, the other seafaring captains, were, however, at home at this time of the year. Those who had 'laid up' were too old and dull-witted for him, and he looked upon the fishermen and boatmen as simple folks, whom, of course, he might greet civilly and address a few words to, but with whom it was impossible for Captain Andreas Spang to hold much intercourse.

The captain felt lonesome.

It is rather trying to belong to the 'upper crust' when a man is obliged to walk around alone and keep up his dignity.

At home, in the red-painted house, with the green doors, the china dogs, and the humming-birds in the window, were only Nanna and an old woman, a kind of aunt of his late wife. His child he loved, to be sure; but the girl was not able to occupy him all the long day through; the less so, since she was often away on her own account, and — especially since her father had got out of bed — romped around outside the house. With the housekeeper he now and then quarrelled in his blustering way; but even that kind of recreation may grow monotonous in time. The old skipper really felt lonesome.

His two 'women of the house,' as he called them, had nursed him faithfully while in bed. He himself admitted that. But whether he would admit that he had been a difficult patient, or not, was less certain. We know so little about ourselves; and, least of all, were

the people of this coast inclined to a habit of introspection. Not for many years had the old captain been confined to his hammock so long at a time. It was torture to him. He showed it by scolding and blustering like a small hurricane. He had a thunderous voice, and he made good use of it. Sometimes the thunder was accompanied by lightning: all objects within convenient reach were used as missiles. More than once the aunt and Nanna had been obliged to duck their heads or retreat behind the door. Like most hot-headed persons, he repented his anger almost immediately, and resolved solemnly never again to use a pillow in any improper way. He kept this resolution, to be sure,—after he got well again. But his blustering habits had thus grown upon him, so that he could not throw them off without throwing himself off. He was really kind-hearted when at home, although passers-by might get a contrary impression. Toward his daughter he was very weak. She had a peculiar quiet way of meeting the storm, and, as

soon as it had passed over, she spoke and acted just as she liked — as if there had been no storm at all. Then, when the frown reäppeared on the old man's brow, and certain twitchings of his under lip indicated that the storm might return, the girl threw her arms around his neck and clung there until he showed signs of yielding. She adored the old man, possibly just because he was so weak. 'It is impossible not to let that lass have her own way,' he declared, not without a certain pride. He recognized the family blood in her.

But if his boisterousness was checked at home by his own kind-heartedness, and especially by his complaisance toward his daughter, he sought amends when outside of his house. Although he could not properly be called quarrelsome, yet his obstinacy, his hot-headedness, and a certain pride, inherited from his forefathers, in being 'the first man of the place,' easily brought him into variance with those around him. The people of this coast were not gentle and pliable. Yet his standing with

his friends and cronies, the other captains, was tolerably good. But to the custom-house officer on guard upon this coast he could not be reconciled. He had an old standing feud with him, and the wound was unhealed by time. The common people of the town he kept, as before mentioned, at a certain distance. 'A man must never be familiar with those with whom he would not eat porridge at his table,' he remarked. This, however, did not prevent him from extending to them a helping hand when occasion offered, in a patriarchal way, only not directly. Thus, when, a few years before, the poorer quarter of the town had suffered from a fire, Captain Spang sent home from the foreign port where he had received the bad news a nice little sum to the sufferers. But afterward, when some of them, with a speaker at their head, called on him at his house to express their gratitude, he rather curtly interrupted the orator, and recommended the deputation to turn outdoors, and not to waste his time or their own with such nonsense.

He was standing, this afternoon, down on the beach, outside the open shed of the boat-builder.

He glanced over the bay. The wind blew off-shore. Some vessels had cast anchor out there. He seemed to be inspecting one of the ships with great interest, and nodded to himself. A light swell, a greeting from the fresh wind out at sea, rolled against the beach; near by, half aground and half at anchor, lay the captain's yawl, which he used occasionally, either for shore-hunting or for catching codfish.

He turned round and looked into the shed.

'Holloa! Who are you?'

Tönnes was in there, alone. A boat lay in the stocks, and another one was almost finished, upon which the boy had some slight work to do. The shed had an odor of glue, tar, and wood-shavings. Outside, it was fresh; the sea sighed deeply; the clouds were drifting seaward like ships standing out. Tönnes glanced up from his work with the great augur,

and looked at the man who was speaking to him.

'Oh, it is you, the smith's boy, Tönnes! Can you build boats, my lad?'

And with these words the captain limped inside the shed and began examining the finished boat with the air of a connoisseur. He put his cane aside, placed his hands upon his knees, and in this bent position, not unlike a bear ready to dance, he scanned the water-line of the boat from stem to stern, felt with his hand along the boards bending forward from the stern, put his thumb into the seams, knocked here and there on a pin or a nail-head or a copper rivet which was not yet fully driven in, stood upon tiptoe to follow the gunwale, tried the oar-locks in which the oars should rest, muttered something about the advisability of a wash-board which would increase the strength of the boat without injury to its form, and finally went around to the prow, seized with one hand the iron-clad nose and with the other

gave the bow a gentle slap, about as a Bedouin finishes a satisfactory examination of a new horse with a caressing stroke of the animal's breast.

Tönnes had stepped aside while the examination was going on, and had followed each movement of the captain with apparent deference.

'Push that box over here, my boy, and let me get up and examine her within boards.'

The captain got upon the box and inspected the inside of the boat.

'Jump up here, and let us see what you are good for,' said the captain.

The boy leaped up like a cat. The frankness of the great man deprived the boy of his first bashfulness. Both of them were seated there; the old seaman on the boat's beam, the boy on the gunwale. Everything was examined, and the boy was asked for his opinion. He grew animated; he even passed a few criticisms, which he had scarcely dared to let his master hear, but which now escaped him: She

was too hollow in the bottom, he thought — yes, perhaps —; it could be seen by opening the bulkhead hatches and raising the floor-boards,—yes, yes, perhaps; she was a little too narrow toward the stern, and rather heavy in the waist, and fell off again a little too suddenly toward the prow. She might have been curved a little more gradually, and have less belly; but, after all, it was a beautiful boat, really an excellent boat; happy was the man who owned such a boat, and could always sail in it. . . .

'Instead of standing here warming the glue-pot, eh! You are a bright boy; you ought to be a sailor!' concluded the captain.

Tönnes made no answer, but jumped down from the gunwale and placed the box so that the portly man could easily reach solid ground again. But when the boy once more stood side by side with the great Captain Spang, he felt his own insignificance, and was silent.

The captain took his cane and limped out of the shed.

Tönnes looked after him.

The captain stopped, looked up at the clouds, looked about the beach to assure himself that no custom-house officer was stealing around, then looked out toward the vessels in the bay, turned abruptly round, and said:

'You may go out with me in the yawl.'

He pointed with his cane toward the shore where his boat was lying.

The boy opened his eyes wide, and laid aside the auger which he had again taken up.

'You may go with me, I say; you can row for me.' That cursed leg makes me unfit for the boat; I will make it all right with Master Jonassen.'

It was tempting. Tönnes looked around the shed, looked at Captain Spang and his boat, and out over the sea, and then they went together down to the beach where the yawl lay.

Tönnes had hard work with the boat, for the captain's leg made him unfit indeed. At last they got off from shore, and the boy took

the oars. The boat was but partly rigged; there was a bit of sail on a small mast; the captain got the mast raised and unfurled the sail, and soon Tönnes needed to row no more; the fresh breeze carried them rapidly along.

The boy took in the oars, remarking to himself that one of them was not good for much.

'We are bound for the brig there,' said the captain, pointing to one of the vessels lying at anchor.

'She 's a fruit trader, I suppose?' remarked the boy.

'Yes,' was the answer.

Captain Spang had again grown silent. Perhaps he repented that he had already been too familiar with the boy. His dignity must be maintained, especially now, as they approached the brig, whose master was one of the 'old boys,' Captain Spang's companion and comrade on many a merry trip in the Mediterranean.

They got under the side of the heavy-laden vessel. The captain hailed the men on deck,

and asked for a rope's-end; inquiring also if the skipper was on board.

'Yes, of course!' cried a heavy man, of about Captain Spang's build. 'Come aboard, old fellow!'

'Easier said than done! One of my lower-masts has got chafed,' answered Captain Spang. 'You will have to lower some steps down here.'

The skipper ordered the accommodation ladder rigged and lowered over the gunwale. Captain Spang climbed up, and immediately went below with his friend. No notice was taken of the boy.

Tönnes remained in the boat, and for some time patiently kept her clear of the vessel's side. The sea was rather heavy out here; the wind grew fresher and fresher; the brig rolled a little, and the yawl pitched.

Tönnes hailed. Some heads appeared over the gunwale; they stared down upon the rude boat; the heads retreated; but one remained, it proved to be the cook's.

'Can't you pay out the line, so that I can drift aft?' asked Tönnes.

'Are you from that town there?' asked the head, in a distinct Funen dialect.

'Yes, I am. Pay out the line!'

'Perhaps you are a son of the man who came aboard?'

'No, I am not. Give me a warp and let me drift aft. The boat will go to pieces here.'

'Perhaps you are hungry?'

'Pay out the line, I say!'

'You may come aboard!' said the cook, kindly, preparing at length to pay out the line.

Tönnes climbed up, and the yawl drifted aft. The boy took a seat outside the caboose, and talked occasionally with the cook, while he glanced admiringly around and aloft. The brig was like most fruit-traders, rigged almost like a man-of-war. The long slender studding sail booms pointed out beyond the yard-arms like the steering feathers of the kingfisher's pointed wings, as though they would at once augment the vessel's speed and balance its side

motion. Stays, shrouds, and backstays, tyes, halyards, braces, and sheets, were as taut-hauled as possible; the masts were leaning aft, while the mast-heads were bravely stayed forward; the bowsprit followed the curve of the gunwale, and was 'drawn right out of the nose,' and then at the bobstay of the jibboom bent a little downward in a manner to gladden the heart of one experienced with the sea, and which Tönnes could follow and appreciate by instinct, though it is beyond all description — like the fine points of a race-horse which is speeding over the ground.

Tönnes let his eyes roam about the deck, where the same order and cleanliness prevailed that he had seen aloft. Even the water-casks, which were roped starboard and larboard between the stanchions of the bulwark, had shining, polished bands of brass; the racks around the masts, the gangway, and the capstan on the windlass, had brass bands also. How they shone! Tönnes felt a thrill within his heart which he had never felt before.

Might he be allowed to go aloft awhile? 'Yes, why not?' said the cook. And he went aloft.

He sat astride the foretopsail-yard. He felt like a young god sitting for the first time upon his own temple-roof. The sun was sinking, and colored the distant coast with strong tints of red and yellow. He saw the white downs: they were yellow; he saw the yellow gables: they were like the brass bands around the water-barrels; the red houses were blood-red: the forest behind them was violet. He singled out some particular houses. There was the schoolmaster's, with the climbing-pole. Well, now he was higher up than the time when he frightened his honest old teacher by standing erect upon the cross-piece. Then Nanna had stood below and admired him; and so he had run forward and back in his stockings along the narrow bar, and ended by sliding down the smooth pole, holding by his hands alone. Where was Captain Spang's house? Was

Nanna standing outside? If she could only see him now!

Then his eye fell upon the sooty roof and chimney of the smithy. This dampened his joy a little. It grew still more dampened when his eye rested on Master Jonassen's shed down by the beach. What would be the result of this excursion? It would be late before they got back to land. The sun had set behind the forest; only one long glittering streak ran across the bluish hills where the farm-houses rose here and there like molehills. The sky was overcast; the clouds lay in layers, like driving ice; their yellow torn borders stretched over his head. The wind was strong now. It shook him as he sat there, and whined and howled in the rigging around him. His heart grew a little heavy. How should he really make it all right with his master?—and afterward, what would the smith say?

He shook it off again. Was not the captain such a great man? would he not protect

him? For awhile he could feel perfectly secure. He sat on the topsail-yard of a fine vessel. He fancied that he had been ordered up there to spread the sail. He fancied he saw the canvas fill and swell before the wind. Yes — he sailed, he crossed the ocean, he was a sailor, he returned; he was full-grown,—had on a jacket, with money in his pocket, and wore a gold chain across a black silk vest. He had also some present for Nanna in his pocket, although she had always treated him so contemptuously. Blacksmith's boy! no, he was a sailor, he entered her father's door, he seized her hand, and she did not laugh at him. . . . He dreamed the dreams of a boy who only knew life and the world on his own strand, and to whom a vessel is the embodiment of beauty and independence, and the sea the way to future happiness.

'Ahoy there!' cried a voice from the deck below.

Tönnes looked down. The two captains

were standing at the gangway, the cook carried a big basket with bottles and packages, and the mate hailed the boy.

He was quick as a cat—to the evident pleasure of the crew—up and along the yard-arm, down the topmast barstay, out over the gunwale and down the channels to the yawl, which was hauled alongside of the brig.

'Well, you little monkey!' said Captain Spang, but at the same time smiling, as he made a threatening movement with his hand.

Both the captains were flushed, and they bade each other good-bye and pressed each other's hands most affectionately. Evidently it was not for nothing that the brig had on board the hot Mediterranean wines.

Captain Spang was helped down the ladder, the big basket, with the many bottles and other contents, was lowered to the yawl; the basket was large and the yawl was small; the heavy and somewhat clumsy Captain Spang seated himself, with legs stretched over the basket. Tönnes seated himself at the oars.

'Good-bye! good-bye!' The two captains greeted each other once more, and exchanged the last words. Spang wished that the wind would soon blow from another corner, so that the brig might set sail, and the other expressed the opinion that the wind would remain unchanged during the night, only growing fresher and fresher.

'We shall have rain,' he called after the boat; 'be careful to make land before the cigars get wet!'

'Thanks; I have a young crew at the oars. Row on!'

Captain Spang sat so that the last rays of the setting sun shone straight in his face. He flushed crimson, and smiled constantly, while he smoked a Spanish cigar, the outer leaf of which the wind tore up. Tönnes was obliged to use all his strength to row the boat against the wind. The captain encouraged the boy with various exhortations of a rather spicy nature. Tönnes felt a little strange on account of his mighty patron.

Suddenly the latter raised himself from his seat, almost capsizing the cranky yawl.

'I thought so! There he goes snuffing, that sharper! Pshaw, my friend, you shall not bring Andreas Spang to grief because he comes to land with wine that is not marked. Back, back, my boy!'

The captain eased the helm, and the yawl turned her prow away from the land.

Then, as he rowed out to sea again, Tönnes saw someone between the downs upon the beach. This person, who evidently had sought to hide himself behind the sand-dunes, waved his handkerchief when he noticed the changed course of the boat.

'Yes, wave away, you rascal! We can hoist our handkerchief, too.'

Then the captain, with some difficulty, raised the small mast and hoisted the sail, and they went rushing out to sea. But soon the captain turned the boat to the wind, let go the sheet, that the low boat should not be filled, and held her course parallel with the coast,

out toward the farther promontory of the bay.

'We will give him enough of it!' exclaimed the captain with a loud laugh, as he pointed toward the beach, where, in the gathering twilight, the wandering figure was dimly seen following the course of the boat. Tönnes grew a little uneasy. The affair seemed to lengthen out. What would his father say?

The captain paid no attention to the boy. He had got hold of a bottle and drank from it. Then he hummed a little, then he drank again, then he made some remarks about the custom-house officer, who would now be permitted to walk a couple of miles and have only his labor for his pains. By and by darkness began to set in; the wind grew stronger and stronger, and so did the billows out there in the open part of the bay. Then the boy said:

'Captain, shall we not try to make land?'

Captain Spang raised the bottle for the last time and threw it into the sea. Then he got hold of a new one.

'What do you say, my boy? Come, take

a cordial. You are a brave boy. Boys are never scared. I will make it all right for you when we come to land! We will only tire him out, that fellow ashore. Your health; the exciseman's health. Oh, ho!'

With an inexpressible feeling of anxiety and shame, Tönnes made the discovery that the great man at the helm was drunk.

He looked toward the land. The high bluff which bounded the bay was scarcely to be seen. During the last quarter of an hour their course had again been straight out. The storm was now upon them, and the pointed yawl, with its poor little sail, its ill-proportioned afterhold, its drunken helmsman and childish crew, flew before the wind out into the open sea.

The boy cried to the captain:

'Captain, let us turn back!'

'To hell!' babbled Captain Spang, as his head fell forward upon his breast, and the bottle dropped from his hand.

Tönnes grew frightened. The waves broke on either side of the overladen boat, or chased

roaring after it. If a single billow broke over them, the boat would be filled; or if—which there was too much reason to fear—the body of the heavy man lurched to one side, they would capsize instantly.

Tönnes hesitated a minute. For one-half of this minute he was almost paralyzed with fear; they must inevitably drown. In the next half, his instinct awoke. On this open strand, people are born with instincts, and grow up with them for lack of knowledge. He took in the entire situation. To row against this wind and sea was impossible for his strength. Besides, one oar was half broken. The sail must stay as long as the boat was able to stand it, and they must run with the wind until they dared to risk a change of course. They were compelled to stand out into the open sea.

First of all, Tönnes must take the rudder. He bent down from the mast-thwart, where he was sitting, and gently hauled the heavy basket toward him. With great difficulty he presently succeeded in sliding the basket for-

ward over the floor-boards, until, with its burden of the captain's legs, it reached the middle of the yawl. The trunk and head of the captain followed gently. The stern-thwart was free; the captain rested on the bottom of the boat, and increased its trimness. Then Tönnes took the bottles and threw them overboard one after the other, together with the wet packages. Andreas Spang was sufficient ballast, he thought, and the brig's bottles had already done enough damage. One bottle the boy kept with him aft. It was for the night which was to follow — a long, wet autumn night, in which the boy must steer and bail and look out for sails and keep up his courage, while the yawl scudded before the gale in the high sea, and the great man lay a dead weight in the bottom of his own poor craft at the feet of the brave boy. . . .

When, toward dawn, Captain Andreas Spang opened his heavy eyelids, and stared with a half-stupid, half-confused air up from his uneasy couch, the first object he saw was some

gray clouds with white borders passing over his head. Then he saw the fresh green tops of the billows, which now rose above and now disappeared below the gunwale of his boat. Presently there came a heavy blow against the boat's side; it shook the frail shell in all its seams, and a shower of spray poured over him. It was an infinitely small portion of one of these tops which had been impolite enough to awaken the great captain. He rubbed his eyes with his fingers, and half arose. In an instant he understood it all; he was a sufficiently old seaman to need no explanation.

He sprawled in the water in which he was sitting, and turned his head to glance at the pale boy at the rudder. Tönnes cast down his eyes.

Captain Spang said nothing. He looked at the sail; it was shortened as well as could be done by means of a couple of small and poor reef-points. He looked at the basket, which was empty.

Tönnes handed him his bottle; it was but

half full. The neck of the bottle was broken just below the cork. Tönnes remarked quietly that the captain must be careful not to cut himself.

Captain Spang took the bottle, looked into the boy's eyes, and then cast down his own, took a long draught, returned the bottle, took off his oilcloth hat, and began to bail out the boat.

They bailed and steered by turns, without exchanging remarks other than some very short and merely technical ones. When the sun rose, yellow and shining, over the bluish-green billow tops and the white foam, Tönnes cried in a hoarse voice:

'Captain, there is a sail to leeward!'

They bore down upon it. A couple of hours later they were under the bow of the brig, which was running before the wind with shortened sails, in the heavy sea.

'Now watch, my boy. Bite for your life!' cried Captain Spang.

Along the low gunwale of the brig stood

the men, in great excitement, ready with lines and life-belts. At the helm, the captain of the brig himself manœuvred the vessel. A few tackings were made in vain, and some lines thrown. Now a billow lifted the frail yawl high above the gunwale of the brig, and when the boat dove again the brig had shot up through the wind. The yawl struck; Tönnes and Captain Spang hung in the chainwale, they did not themselves know how, but they felt a pull at their arms as if almost torn from the shoulders. A dozen hands seized their hair, their clothes, their bodies, and the two boat's-mates lay upon the deck of the brig, while the loose thwarts and a single crushed board of the yawl were hurled far out upon the seething billow.

'Take care of that boy!' Tönnes heard Captain Spang's voice. 'He is worth a whole ship's crew.'

Then Tönnes felt himself lifted up and carried below. And then he felt no more.

III.

WHEN the wind shifted during the night, the brig had been obliged to leave her anchorage and make for the open sea. During the day the storm subsided; and in the afternoon the weather was fair. At night the brig tacked back to her former anchorage.

In the morning, very early, Tönnes and Captain Spang were taken ashore. The boy had slept like a stone, and was quite fresh again. The captain declared the whole affair to be 'mere nonsense, not worth making any fuss about.' Nevertheless, whenever he thought himself unobserved, he sent the boy glances from his bloodshot eyes which might have had some gentler meaning; and when the brig's boat neared the land, a peculiar uneasiness was apparent in the behavior of the captain, who was usually so stiff and reserved.

Those at home evidently believed it was all over with the captain.

'Nonsense to have women wait for one!' growled Spang, through his beard.

Tönnes, who thought the captain had spoken to him, asked what he had said.

'Nothing,— some nonsense. You may go home with me and wait there, while I go and talk with your father. There they do not weep, I suppose!'

And to the boat's crew, who intended to row back again as soon as the two had landed, the captain said that they might go up to the inn and be treated on his account, but they must not chatter about that stupid story — it would get afloat soon enough.

The crew, led by the cook, who had taken an oar on the trip, hesitated a little.

'Well, be off with you,' said Captain Spang.

'Yes — excuse us, but — could we not take the boy with us?' asked the cook, as he winked at Tönnes. 'We would like to treat him well. . . .'

'By making him drunk in the morning, eh!' exclaimed the captain, as the blood shot up into his head. 'No,' he added, in a gentler tone, 'the boy goes with me. But you may get a chance to see him again when he becomes a sailor. For a sailor he shall be; he is made for it.'

It was a beautiful autumn morning, with cool breezes over the sea, and with strong colors over everything. The beach glittered, the house gables shone behind the sand-dikes; the brig lay out there with her dark hull, as if she were only a stone's throw away, and her sails, spread to be dried, shone against the blue air. Many an autumn morning the boy had been on the beach in such weather, and yet things had never looked to him as they did to-day. Here was he, the smith's boy, the boat-builder's boy, passing along the deep sandy road by the side of the great Captain Spang. Now and then they were accosted, but the captain answered as shortly and gruffly as possible. The boy felt, more than he saw, how the

passers-by remained standing, or turned around several times and stared after the two. The distance between these fishermen or other simple folks and the respected captain was so great that no further approach or questions could be thought of.

But Tönnes saw how the questions hung upon the heavy lips or peeped out through all the wrinkled eye-corners. The folks knew, of course, something, and now they had ocular demonstration of it in seeing these two return together, but without the yawl.

The boy went on pondering upon what had taken place. After all, he did not think he had saved the captain's life and his own by his conduct that stormy night. Here on this strand these questions were not thought of under the form of saving life. The whole thing was natural, quite natural. The boy had been in the boat, the other had been disabled, the boy had done the work alone; it was about like a fish which you may catch and let go again; it will swim.

But now his father, the smith?

Tönnes' self-esteem sank. On the whole, his courage fell the nearer they came to the red house. The captain did not open his mouth. Now they were there.

The green wicket, the humming-birds and the dogs in the window,—the boy paused at this moment, as he thought of who might be sitting inside those windows.

'Well, come on!' sounded the captain's voice.

And at the same moment the door of the house was opened, a short dress whirled about a pair of ankles, two arms were thrown around the captain's neck, and Nanna hung upon him and covered his face with kisses, and sobbed and cried in turn, from the joy and the anxiety she had endured.

'Well, well, well, my lass, here I am; quiet, quiet, little puss . . .' and the old seaman's tears blended with his child's as he snorted, whirled his head, red as a turkey, and carried the slender girl in his arms into the room.

Tönnes remained outside. He was perfectly overwhelmed by this scene; his knees trembled; he would gladly have run away, but could not.

Then the door was opened again. With swollen eyes, Nanna stood there and said:

'Father says you must come in!'

She retreated, and he followed mechanically. She looked at him as if she would ask how it happened that he came there. Tönnes looked down to the floor, and dropped his cap. He wished himself a hundred miles away.

'Well, give him your hand, Nanna,' said the captain. 'If it were not for him, I should not be here — if I must speak the truth!'

She stretched out her hand; he extended his, hesitatingly.

'Give him a kiss!'

She could not see for tears, nor Tönnes for bashfulness. They bumped their foreheads against each other; the old man laughed — and then the girl skipped like a kid out through the door into the kitchen, whence they could

hear her weeping loudly, with broken exclamations, in her aunt's lap.

Now Captain Spang was flustered. But he regained his self-possession when he had eased his mind by an unusually long and heavy oath, and said:

'Sit down, boy, sit down. We shall soon have the coffee on the table.'

Tönnes took up his cap, and stammered something about his father.

'Yes, you are right. Give me my cane, over there in the corner. The other one was left in the yawl. Really it was a better one. That cursed leg — it has not been helped much by this trip. Stay here and take coffee with the women, while I go over and see your father.'

And the captain left.

Nanna and her aunt entered. The latter carried, on a tray, a shining polished copper coffee-pot, with cups and cakes. When she had placed these on the table, she thought it proper, in the presence of the boy, to carry her

blue checkered apron once more to her eyes. Then, with shaking hand, she poured the brown drink, and nodded to the boy.

Tönnes sat on his chair at the window, under the humming-birds. If he had been alone with the old aunt, he would — he felt pretty sure of that — not have hesitated to take plenty of cake. But the sight of Nanna kept him in a strange excitement; he did not know why, but he had not the least bit of courage to be himself.

Then the honest old woman went over to the boy, took his head between her hard hands, and muttered something over him, while her hands trembled. When Nanna saw this, she in her turn went over behind Tönnes, placed her arm about his neck, and laid her soft cheek against his rough, dishevelled hair.

Young or old, high or low, the female heart finds always its natural ways.

Poor Tönnes at that moment wished that he was lying where the captain's bottles were —twenty fathoms under the sea. At the same

time, he, with his sixteen years, felt that there is reserved in this world a sweetness for young courage, and that this sweetness is of an indescribable character.

'Stop, let me alone!' groaned the boy. He was pretty near getting tears into his own eyes; and then they took him over to the sofa, and Nanna put four big pieces of sugar in his cup, and placed on his plate such a mountain of cakes that all three of them burst into laughter.

The laughter made things easy. And now the boy was obliged to talk. It was a good while before he got through it all; for Nanna, who was sitting in front of him, with her bare elbows on the table and her hands in her light yellow hair, with clear attentive eyes, and a mouth which was surrounded by an ever-changing play of features, interrupted him repeatedly with questions and comments, while her aunt drank her coffee with many sighs and exclamations.

It was a little difficult for Tönnes to pass lightly enough over the real explanation of the

whole affair. The part with the custom-house officer was easy; it seemed to be considered as a matter of course that the wine should be smuggled to land. But now came the matter of the captain's weakness. Nanna cast down her eyes, and a shadow fell upon the childlike and innocent brow; while her aunt sighed like the wind in an old house. The supposition that had dawned upon Tönnes was thus confirmed: the good Captain Spang had a weakness from which his child suffered. But how this child did love her father!

Tönnes paused. Involuntarily he made a comparison; he thought of the smithy.

'Go on, go on!' said the girl, hastily. 'Father grew sleepy, and what then?'

At last the story was finished. Tönnes put the last piece of cake in his mouth, and looked down, his hand resting on the table. Then this hand was seized and pressed between two hands much smaller and softer; all the blood rushed to the boy's head, but now he had no longer a longing for twenty fathoms of water; he

looked up, and met two clear eyes: yet they did not look into his, they looked past him out into the air, far out upon the sea, after a heavy old man, who had yielded to a weakness hereditary on this coast, and was within a hair's breadth of . . . and again Tönnes' hand was pressed, and this time the pressure was surely meant for him. He felt convinced of it; a peculiar embarrassment told him so; he dropped his coffee-cup on the floor, and was rebuked by Nanna.

They gathered up the broken pieces, and then Tönnes took his cap. His manner grew serious.

'The captain stays away so long, I am afraid that father . . .'

He did not finish. He would gladly remain, but he could not conceal from himself that according to all probability a thunderstorm was hanging over his head, and he felt it his duty to meet it half way. He was little afraid of the possibility of a reprimand: he was, indeed, most afraid of meeting his father's sorrow.

Nanna would not listen to it. He ought to remain until her father returned. He must! She had such a commanding, and at the same time flattering, way of speaking. He laid aside his cap; the aunt went out to her chimney-corner. And now all the magnificent things which the room contained were shown him — first of all, those in the window; next, all the things from abroad, on the walls, in the old bureau, in the chest, in the drawers, and other hiding-places. Nanna could tell stories of them all, and had access to all, with or without keys. It was as if everything in the house belonged to her; and yet it only interested her because it belonged to her father and told of him. The boy felt the invisible tie between those two. The girl grew thereby in his esteem; she grew older than himself; and yet she was only a little girl, who at any moment might resort to some girlish prank or rudeness. He did not think any longer; he gave himself entirely up to humming-birds, clear eyes, stories, quick movements, sea-charts, nautical im-

plements,—and then suddenly she grew serious and pensive, and looked at Tönnes with moist glances, and took his hand. From his school-days, he had had only incomplete ideas of Paradise. But he felt convinced that if he should ever, by reason of special good deeds done in this life, come to such a place after death, he would find there a blue oil-painted room, with white wainscoting, humming-birds and china dogs in the window, charts on the walls, and all through the room, flitting from one piece of furniture to another, a half-grown girl, with bare arms, yellow hair hanging down her back, and two clear eyes which could both smile and look serious. Such a little girl he supposed was what they called an angel; and the angel bore Nanna's name.

Captain Spang, leaning on his staff, walked down the crooked path leading around the outskirts of the town, to the smithy. Perhaps it was his foot that pained him; perhaps he hesitated for other reasons. At any rate, he stood

still, and reflected whether he should go straight through the yard to the house, or around the fence to the smithy. He knew there was usually a dog in the yard; he did not hear him, but undoubtedly he was there, and he did not care to have his arrival announced by such a cur, perhaps causing people to look out at him while he was crossing the yard. Of course he, Captain Andreas Spang, could stand both the dog's barking and people staring at him. But to-day he was a little sensitive; the reason for his coming there was of a very delicate nature.

He went around the fence, and paused again. One of the big gates leading to the smithy was thrown open, and behind this the captain stood and looked into the smithy through the partly open door. No dog barked in the yard; but inside were seated two silent men — the smith on the anvil, with naked and swarthy arms crossed over his breast, and old Jacob on an overturned bucket, his eyes blinking beneath the visor of his cap, and slowly rubbing his pointed knees with his skinny hands.

They seemed to have been in this position for some time.

The smith now arose and looked at Jacob.

The old Lookout man drew his head between his shoulders in a manner even more bird-like than usual, before this glance, extending the palms of his hands sideways, as though to throw off responsibility.

'What must come, will come!' Jacob ventured to remark.

The smith sent him a glance from his dark eyes.

'Silence! Who says that this should come? Who says it?' and he thundered as if he had long been waiting to get air. 'Who says that you shall sit here and preach? Nobody can preach the boy to life again. Who says that the boy is dead? What does it signify, if we have found some fragments of a yawl? There are many such yawls in this region, and the boy was out with a sailor. Yes, it was a shameful thing in the captain to entice my boy away; but that stiff-necked skipper is a sailor — that

must be admitted. And a sailor always lets some vessel pick him up; he does not take to drowning himself because he is driven away from land by a storm, else the fishermen on this coast would be drowning every moment. I think the boy is living; he shall be, must be, living, do you understand? But let him come here, let him come here, I say; and even if he come in the pocket of that stiff-necked Captain Spang, then . . .'

Here the smith shook his fist, and kicked the big hammer so that he split the toe of his slipper.

'What then? if I may ask. Are you crazy, man?'

The captain's heavy figure stood in the doorway. He had heard the threats that were uttered, and he was himself again.

'Well, God be praised!' said old Jacob; but nevertheless he moved his tub back against the wall, taking all possible results into consideration.

The smith surveyed the new-comer.

His bosom heaved, and the muscles of his face twitched, before he regained command of his temper.

He said ironically: 'The eavesdropper seldom hears himself called pet names. But otherwise, you shall have thanks, Captain Spang, for what you have done. That is, if you have not come home without' (here the smith gasped for the word) 'without my boy!'

It was a moment before the captain, in his turn, could speak. All his blood rushed up into his head, and surged in his cheeks and under his eyelids. He stood and pressed his staff against the earthen floor. Old Jacob almost disappeared beneath the visor of his cap. The smith grew pale, and looked toward the ground.

'Well, then,' he muttered, 'speak, but speak straight out; come, out with it, Captain Spang! Tönnes, my poor boy, is dead?'

'Does the devil ride you, man? Well, come to the wind!' cried the captain. 'The boy is

safe at home in my house. Now give me your fist.'

The captain's eyes were moist. The smith, with averted face, stretched out his hand reluctantly. Old Jacob arose. The smith said:

'I thank you for having brought my son back again; but I do not thank you for having spoiled him!'

'Spoiled him! Are you mad?'

'We can never make a craftsman of him, after this trip.'

'No, I should think not; and what is more, I shall look to that.'

'Shall you?'

'Yes.'

The two men gazed into each other's eyes. The two strongest wills and stiffest necks of all this coast were measuring each other.

'Captain Spang!' began old Jacob. 'Captain Spang, you do not know the smith, but I do. Take it coolly. Take it . . .'

'Hold your tongue, you old scarecrow!'

cried the captain jovially, and laughing as he again reached out for the smith's black hand; 'Now I will tell both of you what kind of a boy you have been keeping shut up in this sooty coal-hole, and in Master Jonassen's sweat-box. Listen!'

And Captain Andreas Spang told his story.

The smith was again seated on the anvil. At first he had crossed his arms as before; but by-and-by, as the narrator advanced in his uncolored description, he let first the under hand fall, and then both hands sank down and grasped his knees, and the heels of his slippers began clapping together, and his trunk and head were stretched forward as he listened, and his eyes sparkled under their brows, until at last, at the close of the story, he drew a deep sigh, a sigh of paternal pride, and muttered as the captain finished:

'Yes, it must be so!'

'Yes, it must, I swear!' said Jacob Bunke.

'It is quite plain!' exclaimed Captain Spang. 'We will speak of that again. Now I will

send the boy home to you, and then I must get some liniment for my leg, or I shall have to hop around like a magpie for the balance of my life—just like that old fellow there; and a ship's deck is a bad place for that.'

The captain was gone. There was no dog to bark at him as he crossed the yard. Prussian had only the day before, torn himself loose; restlessness had reigned in the house, and in the minds of all; and this restlessness had communicated itself to the dog.

Like mothers, and people in love, animals have fine instincts.

The smithy was closed. The smith had intended to finish a job; but to-day, like yesterday, there was no real power in his work. Jacob remained at the house with him. This morning, for the first time in his life, the old Lookout man neglected his business.

But what beautiful and quiet weather it was!

Yes, the weather was beautiful, quiet, autumn-clear, and tempting, this forenoon. The

two young folks in the captain's house had felt this. It seemed an eternity before the father returned; and at last Nanna, to satisfy her own as well as Tönnes' impatience concerning the result in the smithy, proposed a little walk in the forest.

The boy obeyed blindly. 'What is to be, will be,' he said, with some of old Jacob's philosophy. Then they went swiftly around the village, toward the forest.

How quiet it was here! At first their feet cracked the small twigs on the dry sandy soil in the outskirts; but by-and-by, as they got deeper into the forest, their feet found moss and soft grass to tread upon. Then they took each other's hands, and walked more slowly. What course should they take? They followed a narrow path leading to a small swamp surrounded by birches. Nanna was the first to release the hand-clasp. She was warm, she said. The path ran close by the swamp. There was no water in it, but beautiful fresh-green grass in small tufts; the birches stood scattered

around, now and then waving their pendant leaves as if the trees were suddenly stirred by some remembrance. The two threw themselves down near the road, and looked for a while upon the scene. There was a fragrance of birch and of the forester's hay. They inhaled the odor as they stretched themselves on the ground. They heard one of the forester's cows browsing at a little distance out in the swamp; but they could not see her, on account of the alders and birches. They felt the sun shining so blessedly warm straight down on them through the trees, they were content where they lay, and had no mind to move. They heard the little birds warbling far away in the forest, as though calling and answering each other; and when the birds paused, they heard the flies humming and buzzing at a point a little distance from them on the road, where a number of beetles had gathered.

They moved away a little, as though by a silent understanding. But when they lay down again, the conversation would not go on.

'Listen!' said Nanna; and then added, 'sing something!'

Tönnes looked up, frightened.

'I cannot sing.'

'Nonsense. Everyone can sing. Sing something,—but no smith's songs!'

She laughed, and looked roguishly at him. Tönnes grew a little embarrassed; but she was not to be put off. He looked around, half rising and leaning on his hands; and when he had satisfied himself that no being besides the cow, which was now seen out in the swamp, could hear him, and possibly criticise him, he sang, only half-aloud:

'Father is out at sea,
Grandsire chops in the shed;
Lullaby, baby, my boy,
Here in thy cradle-bed.

'Rest thee now on thy pillow,
Rest, till thy sleep is done;
Mother sits at her spinning-wheel,
But all the others are gone.

'Father will bring thee pebbles,
Yellow, and blue, and gray;
Grandsire will make a horse for thee,
Then thou shalt mount and away.

'Mother can bring thee nothing;
She stays at home with thee;
She can only sing for her sailor-boy
A song of the restless sea.'

'But that is a cradle-song!' said Nanna.

Tönnes grew red.

'I did not know any other.'

'No, it is not good for anything,' said the girl. 'It is for very small children—or dolls.'

'Now you must sing.'

'Well, let me see.' She hesitated for a moment; then she sat up with feet bent under her like a Turk, and smoothed her dress over her knees. She sang:

'There were eleven gallant suitors
Who rode to woo a maiden fair;
In the early morn they had made them ready,
And trimmed their beards and dressed their hair.

Away! away! now forth we ride
To win the maiden for our bride;
But the maiden laughed when the throng she spied:
"Yes, all can saddle, but few can ride."

'There were eleven gallant suitors
Who spoke to her of their bosoms' pain;
And all together they claimed her favor,
And turned, and bowed, and turned them again.
"But only one at a time may speak,
And only singly my favor seek."
Then the suitors suddenly silent grew:
It is not so easy a maiden to woo.

'There were eleven gallant suitors
Who stood in confusion and could not speak,
Till the youngest of all stepped up to the maiden:
"Yes, you are the one whom I came to seek."
Then he drew his knife from the sheath at his waist,
And against her bosom its point he placed:
But the maiden laughed, for that token she knew:
"Yes, him will I have for my lover true."'

'It was a strange song,' said Tönnes, scratching his head.

She laughed.

'It is one of the songs that father sings. It is true, he says that I must not always hear him; but I think I may remember this; indeed, I could not help remembering it!'

Tönnes began thinking. At home in the smithy no songs were heard; at most, some fragment of an old soldier's ballad was hummed. There were a few religious songs from his dear, quiet mother's time, which he did not remember perfectly, and which were much too slow for him. The cradle-song was a kind of contraband piece, which, after the mother's death, had been smuggled in by the girl who took care of him. Once it had been sternly forbidden by the father. Perhaps it was for this reason that the son kept it so well in his memory.

No, what Nanna sung could not be wrong; besides, Captain Spang had himself taught her the song.

'Well, now let us play with the beetles.'

It was Nanna who proposed this.

Tönnes preferred to go home. Really, he thought it high time. But to oppose any-

thing which Nanna proposed was impossible. And so they began playing with the beetles. He did not understand the game, nor, perhaps, did he find it so very amusing. But Nanna knew it, and it amused her. Each took a small twig, laid it across the road, and stopped the beetles which came crawling lazily to and fro. By-and-by both of them grew alike eager at the game — as often happens when the original passion of one party has a stimulating effect upon another.

They caught two fine, large beetles, separated them from the others, and sentenced them to grow very old, and with their twigs they made any escape for them impossible, except by climbing over each others' backs. Nanna and Tönnes laughed loudly when the beetles tumbled down and lay helpless on their backs, with their legs sprawling in the air. Tönnes wanted to get some more. He thought it possible to bring about a small war between the lazy insects, just as between the boys on the beach, if they only took sufficient pains. He

sprang up, and in doing so he set one of his heels heavily on the girl's left hand, which was stretched out flat upon the gravel of the road, while the other one held the twig.

She cried out with pain. Tönnes quickly removed his foot, and stood staring at her in affright. She was on her knees, sobbing very softly. Tönnes could not say a word. Now she thrust the wounded hand under her apron, rose like lightning to her feet, and stood before him.

'Clown!' she cried, and struck him with her switch across the face.

He retreated, and lifted his hand to his cheek. He let his twig fall. The blood rushed to his head. He tried to speak, but could not. Then he turned and dashed like an arrow through the forest.

She looked after him, uncertainly. What had happened? He had stepped on her hand with all his weight, that stupid, awkward boy —that smith's boy. Oh, how it pained her! Now it first really pained her. She began

weeping, and looked at her hand; and the more she looked at the red swollen fingers scratched by the gravel under his shoe, the more she wept and the more angry she was with him. Her tears fell on the injured hand. They cooled at first but heated afterward. With her handkerchief she wiped the gravel from her fingers, looked around, and picked a handful of wild wood-sorrel, moist from growing in the shade under the dead leaves, and no doubt useful for such a purpose. She laid the sorrel on the hand, tied her kerchief around it, and then at last looked for Tönnes. He was not to be seen. Well, he might go, the foolish Tönnes. She was alone. There was no one even to pity her; but she needed no one to pity her. Yet when she came home to her father she would say — no, she would not say anything. But Tönnes should beg her pardon. Certainly he should!

She went through the forest in the direction he had taken. He had a good start of her. She was provoked. She began to call, loud,

still louder. Nobody answered. But behind her, in the opposite direction, she heard a barking far away. She stopped. Yes, surely it was a dog barking. Dogs were not allowed to come into the forest, she knew; and she could not be so near the house of the forester. She cried again, more loudly: 'Tönnes! do you hear, Tönnes!' and then a dog came leaping through the bushes behind her. She turned around quickly. It was Prussian.

He showed the greatest joy at meeting her. He sprang upon her, so that she had to guard her wounded hand; he laid himself down, peeped up at her, then jumped up, poking his muzzle into the earth, circled around her, snuffing, and seemed to be looking for somebody in her company.

He had grown gaunt and lean during these days. A remnant of the chain still hung from his collar. Nanna felt sorry for him. She called him, stroked his hard head, and said, with a little smile: 'Yes, look for him!'

He understood her very well. He rushed

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to one side and to the other, and darted forward. Then he disappeared, and soon was heard barking. She ran after him. He was on the scent. She followed.

To run oneself into a heat is a good cure for anger and irritation. When she stopped to breathe, she only reflected that she had struck Tönnes, who had heedlessly stepped on her hand, and who had saved her father's life. Now Prussian barked more furiously, and rushed ahead. There, behind a tree, Tönnes was standing. The dog leaped upon him. Nanna ran thither. Tönnes tried to escape, but she threw her arms around his neck and said, 'For shame! Would you run away from me?'

With arms about each other, the two half-grown children walked through the forest, down the path leading to the smithy. They did not talk much; Tönnes least. When they approached the smithy, he offered to release her, but she held him fast. The dog did his best to entertain them with his capers. Tönnes

encouraged him with exclamations, possibly to avoid having to entertain his companion himself.

On the step outside of the smith's house the smith and old Jacob were standing. With a quite unusual want of respect the latter poked the silent smith in the side, and pointed toward the road on which the young couple were approaching.

The smith opened his eyes wide, and something like a smile appeared under his swarthy cap.

'Take your elbow away,' he said, quickly, to hide his own self-forgetfulness. Old Jacob smirked, and dropped his arm.

In such company, and in the beautiful quiet weather, Tönnes appeared beneath his father's roof.

IV.

TIME passed. Tönnes had been out on his first voyage with Captain Spang.

'The trip will be a long one,' the captain had said.

Then Tönnes had been confirmed, and had passed the winter at home with the captain, studying navigation.

This was his training-school; for the next year, when he had been on one trip more, he was to enter the real school at the capital. His calculations he could manage; but what troubled him more was Nanna.

When he had returned from his first trip she had thrown her arms around his neck and kissed him. But this had never been repeated. On the day of his confirmation, when the captain had presented him with a telescope, his father with a silver watch, and Nanna with

a hair chain for the watch, — on the very day of his confirmation, she had appeared strangely shy toward him; and this shyness had continued all through the winter, while she went to be prepared for her confirmation, partly at the minister's, and partly, to avoid the long distance, at the schoolmaster's. Once in a while the child would suddenly reappear both in Nanna and Tönnes; they would begin to play, or to walk a short distance together, holding each other's hands, until suddenly she would let go his hand and turn away her eyes; and often when he went to call on the captain, and had seen her sitting at the window, she had disappeared when he entered the room, and was not to be seen again while he stayed.

Tönnes tormented himself with questions as to how he might have offended her. At last the family pride in him was aroused; and when she treated him so, he would treat her in the same way. They looked sour at each other; they quarrelled; she complained to her father, —this idol to whom she clung with an affection

that increased as her skirts grew longer and her awakening instincts showed her the breach growing between her and her playmate.

The old man would laugh or pretend to be angry at her complaints. Sometimes he would knit his brows and scold Tönnes; then burst into roaring laughter, and exclaim, while he wiped the sweat from his forehead:

'Go and make up, you two babies! I am almost tempted to believe you are really lovers, there is so much quarrelling between you.'

Tönnes did not really understand him; neither perhaps did Nanna. But she always left the room when her father had spoken to her in that way, and she did not return very quickly.

At last it grew too disagreeable for the boy; then for a week he stayed at home, in the company of his silent father and old Jacob, or went beach-hunting with Prussian in the boat. The smith had reconciled himself to his son's new calling, and had grown a little more sociable with him; but habit is second-nature, and

neither Jacob nor the dog could permanently dispel that cloud of monotony and gloom which for so many years had hung over the smith's sooty roof, and had almost robbed the boy of breath. The ship's-boy was often oppressed by recollections of the days of the smith's-boy. Sometimes direct appeals were made to him.

'You are drifting lazily around here!' snarled the smith. 'You might help me a little!'

Then Tönnes disappeared with Prussian, and met a gloomy reception when he returned; and then he yearned for the red house with the green door.

Life may sometimes be difficult even for youth.

At last the winter was past.

The week after Easter the captain was to sail, and Tönnes with him. But first, Nanna was to be confirmed, on Palm Sunday.

What a sunshine! The heavens were blue, cold in color, but fresh and pleasant to look at, with small white cloudlets drifting before-

the breeze. The birds sang in the naked branches of the low hedge around the churchyard. Standing about among the graves, with their box borders and the crosses fallen or still standing, were whispering groups of young men and old men, waiting for the appearance of the young girls who had been confirmed. The smith had come in his best suit of clothes, but he was as reserved and silent as ever. Old Jacob stood beside him; he had donned a jacket of blue cloth, with very short tails, and two shining buttons behind. He entertained the smith with his familiar 'Oh, yes, certainly! Yes, why not? Well, well!'

The smith now and then looked at Tönnes. He stood, dressed in his last year's confirmation suit, with some comrades near the gate. The church service had lasted long: now at last it was over; the people felt a little cold, and rather tired from standing on their toes so long; and outside, where the sun was shining, the young folks were already whispering together. Tönnes was silent.

The smith kept his eyes on him. He had reason to be proud of his son. The suit of black clothes—this modern uniform for better or worse, betraying all the shortcomings of a bad figure,—well suited the young man's form. He had some of the slenderness of youth, although he had already begun to develop the broad shoulders and strong hips of manhood. When a boy works at blacksmithing, but not for too many years, and afterwards becomes a sailor and climbs the rigging, then his figure will be a fine one if the stock happens to be good.

Tönnes, however, did not think of making comparisons between himself and his comrades. He avoided his father's glance, and looked steadily at the small, low vestibule, from which the old women were already pouring out.

Now came the young girls. First there was a widow and her red-haired daughter, with tear-swollen eyes; then one couple after another, none of whom had much interest for Tönnes; and at last . . .

The boy's heart beat violently. There came the heavy captain, flushed, burly, and broad, holding his daughter by the hand.

Only once had Tönnes met her eyes in the church; and then she had immediately looked away. And here also she went by, with eyes downcast.

Certainly this was proper enough. And yet he had hoped that she would notice his greeting. Now she had passed. In the black alpaca dress, with her light hair combed smoothly over the forehead, her hymn-book and handkerchief in her hand, she had looked very lovely, but almost like a stranger. Was it really Nanna?

Tönnes stared after the slender girl, who still kept her head bowed, even when outside the churchyard.

In passing, the captain had winked with one of his eyes, and nodded very briskly to Tönnes, with an expression that might have said: 'Yes, here we are, and this is the way we look!'

'Well, don't you want to go home?' asked the smith's voice.

Tönnes started from his meditation. The churchyard was almost empty. The smith and Jacob were standing at the gate.

The three went away together. Old Jacob had to furnish the sociability.

'There were a great many people at church to-day,' he remarked.

'Yes,' answered the smith, morosely.

'And many nice girls, too.'

'Why do you talk about the young girls, you old spider?' snarled the smith.

'Well, I may have my opinion, I suppose. Captain Spang's little Nanna has grown to be really a nice girl,' ventured old Jacob.

'Yes, and just as stiff-necked as her father; it is nip and tuck with them!' interrupted the smith, quickening his steps as a sign that the conversation was ended.

They reached home. Dinner was eaten amidst the same oppressive silence. After

dinner, the smith took the Bible down from the shelf and handed it to Tönnes to read aloud.

Tönnes took the book and began reading at the first convenient place, while his thoughts were now in the churchyard and now in the captain's rooms.

'What is it you say?' interrupted the smith's voice. 'Can't you read the book any longer?'

Tönnes had made a mistake. He corrected himself, and continued.

After a little while the heavy book dropped from his hands.

'Is the boy either drunk or mad?' exclaimed the smith.

'No!' The son arose. Old Jacob stopped him.

Father and son stood facing each other with knitted brows and trembling lips.

Tönnes recovered himself.

'You can read yourself!' he said, calmly placing the book on the table. 'I have a headache.'

'A headache!' muttered the smith. 'It is something new for boys to have headaches.'

'Well, I have one, and I am going out to get some fresh air,' answered Tönnes.

'You will . . . You will? Well, you have certainly become a great fellow now, really a great fellow; you will soon, I suppose, become as powerful as the captain himself — the old rum-jug! If he can't teach you anything better on board his vessel than to be forward and quarrelsome at home, then he might just as well keep you for good. For I shall find no more pleasure in your company.'

Tönnes glanced at old Jacob, and then turned abruptly around and went into his chamber.

Jacob let the smith scold on a little while.

'You are too hasty with the boy — if I may give my opinion. In fact, you have no consideration for him; he behaves well . . .'

'Hold your tongue!' said the smith.

They remained a while in silence. Then the smith took the book and mumbled through

a few pages of it, while old Jacob smoked his pipe.

Just then Tönnes passed through the room.

'Wait a moment!' said the smith.

Tönnes paused and looked at his father. The storm had drifted by.

'Where are you going?' asked the father.

'I . . . I . . . I am going to Spang's,' he said, decidedly.

'Well,' muttered the old man. But he motioned to his son to wait a little, and arose and went to the closet in the corner, where he opened a drawer and seemed to be looking for something.

'Here it is! You may give this to the girl,' he said, and let a small box fall into Tönnes' outstretched hand.

Tönnes looked at him with surprise. But the smith motioned him to go; and the son went away.

He could not restrain himself when he got outside. Prussian barked in his kennel; he silenced the dog, and opened the box. Inside

were a heart and an anchor, and a cross of red agate, held together by a thin gold link hanging from a silver chain.

This had belonged to his mother — perhaps a marriage present from his father.

The boy grew red — as red as the agate. Quickly he put away the box, and went on.

Prussian sent a longing glance after him, but Tönnes did not look back.

Captain Spang's house was filled with guests. When the whole family, from near and far, came together on solemn occasions, it was something grand. Almost the entire well-to-do portion of the village had gathered there.

Every room was in use. The women sat by themselves, talking and drinking coffee; the men smoked their pipes, drank punch, and told stories. Sometimes, during these, a bearded face would bend forward and glance into the women's room, to see if anyone were listening. But the women were too much engaged by themselves. Years had fled since they last sat together as comfortably as to-day. The

whole town needed a thorough overhauling; and it got it.

Tönnes felt dizzy from all this talking, and from the strong smell of punch and tobacco. Everywhere he was in somebody's way; and at last he settled down in a corner, from whence he could see the captain's flushed face in the center of the circle of other faces just as highly colored. The men laughed, knocked on the table, laughed again, and filled the room with thicker and thicker clouds of tobacco; while the different boots in turn pushed the spittoon hither and thither in the circle, as the pipes needed to be relieved of ashes and their smokers of tobacco-juice.

Tönnes would have given, he knew not what, if he could only speak two words to Nanna. But she was beleaguered by the coffee sisters; or when she occasionally seized an opportunity to come in and stroke her father's shoulder, and lay her own delicately tinted cheek against his flushed face, then Tönnes

lacked the courage to place himself in her way at the decisive moment.

But this courage was not wanting in another young man, the captain's first mate, who, with the second mate and some of the crew, had come ashore in honor of the day. This first mate was a bold curly-haired fellow, who evidently did not allow the world to trouble him much. He could drink, tell stories, manage his pipe, and pay compliments to the skipper's nice daughter, all at the same time, without ever losing his balance.

Tönnes caught all these compliments from his corner. Really, he could not say that there was anything insulting in them, but he was so entirely unacquainted with the world that he felt irritated at the ease of the other; it disturbed him that Nanna should listen, and that the old man did not close his mate's mouth, instead of sitting there laughing and laughing and filling his pipe.

Tönnes' blood boiled. He was too modest

to expect that anybody should pay any attention to him; he only wished that not quite so much attention was paid to Nanna.

And yet she was the one about whom everything revolved to-day. It could not well be otherwise.

The smith's son felt faint from the smoke, and the smell, and the laughter, and the talking. He arose quietly from his corner, to leave. At that moment he saw Nanna go from the other room out into the kitchen. He stole out through the green-painted main entrance, ran around the house, and went in through the kitchen door.

His heart was beating, as he fumbled in his pocket for the box.

'Well, is it you, Tönnes?' said Nanna. She was looking for something on the shelf over the kitchen table.

'I would like to give you something . . . I mean it is father who . . . but do not show it to anyone to-day!'

'What is it?' asked the girl, curiously.

'Well, look for yourself!'

He opened the box.

'Am I to have this?' asked she, holding the chain up before her.

'Yes!' said Tönnes, beamingly.

'It is lovely. Thanks!' said she, pressing his hand.

He pressed hers in return, and looked into her eyes.

'More hot water for the punch!' cried the captain, whose head was in the doorway. 'The devil! I believe they are kissing each other . . .'

Nanna hastily withdrew her hand, and bit her lip.

'Yes, I am coming,' she said. But the joyous captain was already gone — perhaps amusing his companions with this kitchen story.

Tönnes grew blood-red.

'Take good care of it!' said he, pointing to the box.

She looked at him, and answered coolly:

'Yes; I will take care of what I like.

But what did you come out here into the kitchen for?'

Tönnes had nothing to answer.

'Well, leave me!' said she, with that little frown which he remembered so well from former occasions.

'Go!' said she, a little more gently. 'I must return to the others.'

Tönnes laid his hand on the latch. He was waiting for one really kind word. But it did not come.

'You are going in to your mate, I suppose!' said he, with trembling lips.

'For shame, Tönnes!'

'Yes, go! I shall not . . .' and he jerked up the latch and stormed out.

'Tönnes!' she cried after him, 'Tönnes! listen, listen!'

He heard nothing. He ran, he knew not whither, — along the beach, through the sand, — until at last he grew tired. Darkness had set in; the stars were lit. He saw a red

glare across the sea: it was the rising moon. Then he went back home.

The smith and old Jacob were sitting in the room, with a candle on the table, smoking and chatting.

'What! are you back already?' asked the smith, a little surprised. 'Do you come away from a feast at the captain's so early?'

'There were so many people, and it was so warm, and there was so much tobacco smoke, and they were drinking so much, and — I had a headache,' said the son.

He went into his chamber.

The smith looked at old Jacob.

'The devil rides that boy; he is perfectly crazy to-day. Is it possible the captain has given him too much to drink? Then . . .'

'No, no!' said Jacob in a decided tone. 'He walked as straight as a candle. No, it is probably something else.'

'Well — well! What else could be the matter with him?'

'Oh,' said old Jacob. 'There might be . . . ahem! Well, yes . . . you see nothing is impossible!'

And the two old men continued smoking and chatting, while the smith now and then threw a glance towards the son's chamber door.

'Well, now he is going to sleep, I suppose. Yes, let him sleep. I wish he were at sea again, since it must be so.'

The smith's voice was soft — softer, perhaps, than the son himself would have thought possible.

Tönnes intended at first to light a candle; but he changed his mind. The moon had risen, and shone in through the little window. He tried to collect his thoughts. He lay down on the bed.

That stupid lass, and the mate, and the captain, and the whole crowd over in that red house! What did he care for all of them? He was but a smith's-boy in their eyes. But he would not go out any more with the captain.

For the captain had laughed at him; and he would never speak to Nanna again for having looked at him in such a way. Oh, he knew perfectly well that she was overbearing. The smith was right; but Tönnes would go on board another vessel, an East Indiaman, and stay away many, many years, and pass his examination in England, and come home a captain, and then he would not look at Nanna at all, though she were sitting at the window. . . . But then Nanna would have grown older, and perhaps be married, possibly to the mate. . . .

The boy felt as if stabbed through the heart. He arose and looked at the moonlight on the floor. What was it that really ailed him?

The moonlight could give no answer. Nobody could give him any answer. He lay down again, and dozed. His head was heavy. Was he sick?

If so, he did not understand his sickness. No country lad of eighteen can do that.

He fell asleep, and dreamed fitfully. Then

he awoke, feeling cold. No, he could not possibly undress and go to sleep. He arose, cautiously opened the window, jumped out, closed the window silently, and stole around the village, by the brook.

Tönnes had intended to walk to get warm — to walk far away from his own thoughts. He walked rapidly as soon as he had got a little distance from the smithy.

He stopped at the small bridge that crossed the brook and led to the inn-garden. There were lights inside, making the window-panes appear in ruddy contrast with the moonlight, which lay white and cold upon the wall. Suddenly he made up his mind to go in. He longed for company, yet did not stop to understand the reason.

About the large round table in the centre of the room were seated the first and second mates, with some of the crew, and a number of fishermen from the town. Evidently the captain's party was ended. Captain Spang liked to go to bed early; perhaps he had a spe-

cial reason for doing so now, owing to the vigorous manner in which he had celebrated the day.

This supposition was confirmed by the first mate.

'The old man was so drunk,' he was just explaining to the crew when Tönnes entered, 'that at last he could n't find his mouth to put his pipe in it.'

All laughed.

'He was sitting gouging himself with his pipe,' continued the speaker, 'as though he would harpoon his own nose, or rub the drowsiness out of his eyes. Then we got hold of him and stowed him away in his hammock. We know him, you see. But little Nanna, the girl, wept bitterly. One would think she had never seen the old man half-seas-over before.'

Everyone joined in the laughter. For a moment Tönnes was sorry that he had come in here. But now they had seen him; and he felt somewhat reassured to find the first mate sitting here instead of over at the captain's.

'Well, my boy,' exclaimed the mate, filling a glass from the big bowl on the table, 'you are going to catch up with us now. That's good. Too many women spoil one's appetite. I myself would have been glad to drift away from there a couple of hours before, if I could have seen a chance; but I had to keep watch with the old man. In a week or so we shall be under sail, and then we shall get our stomachs well rid of all we now pour into them. Your health, Tönnes! You kept up well on our last trip. . . . But what kind of a face is it you show to-night?'

Tönnes emptied his glass. He had roused himself on being reminded of the sea.

'Good! Here's another glass; drink and be glad, and the devil take all whims. That is the sailor's A B C, and 't is all my catechism.'

'That might not do in all cases,' ventured the second mate, a grave-looking man of spare figure, protruding cheek-bones, and sharp features. He was sitting with an accordeon on

his lap, from which he now and then dragged forth a long-drawn note or a single sharp creak.

'Every man may take his own course!' answered the first mate, unconcernedly and good-humoredly, as his nature was. 'Let us have a song, Esbensen!' he exclaimed,—adding, with a threatening gesture, 'but no graveyard hymns, do you understand? Something lively and gay, like a polka-mazurka, and no sighing for dead loves!'

This was Esbensen's weakness. He was always singing of dead loves.

'Keep your nonsense to yourself!' said the second mate, morosely.

'Stuff!' cried the first mate, still good-naturedly. 'Give us something . . . never mind what! Let us have a song; I will call for more drink.'

'I think we can do very well with what we have,' said Esbensen, quietly. 'And you could do very well with even less.'

'Come! No nonsense! I have ordered the drink. Let us have the song.'

The accordeon sent forth its creaking tones, while the group about the table listened devoutly to the song, which was sung with great earnestness.

'I went down to the glittering sea
Whereon I was to sail;
And there my true love followed me,
As it may never fail.

"O best belovèd of my heart,
Let me go with you o'er the main;
For if from you I'm forced to part,
I cannot live from pain."

'I answered her with phrases rude,
Although my heart felt sore;
But still she said, in pleasing mood,
"You must not leave me more."
So out we sailed across the blue,
Borne by our vessel fair;
Though Captain's orders, well we knew,
Would not allow her there.

'But when the English Channel past,
The raging storms set in,
She cried: "O God! I see at last
Thy punishment for sin.

O sweetheart, lift me up and throw
My body to the waters white;
For if with you I further go,
I sure shall die from fright!"

'My cheek grew pallid at the word;
But yet I could not bear
To throw the maiden overboard,
So on our course we fare.
The ship rose o'er the billows' crest,
And hurried us along;
The Captain said: "Full well I guessed
The girl would work us wrong."

'But when we came to Lisbon quay,
Our voyage ended quite,
Under a shroud my sweetheart lay,
A corpse so still and white.
And now for thee, friend of my heart,
I sorrow evermore;
In thy sad death I had my part,
In bearing thee from shore.'

'Is n't it as I said?' cried the first mate.
'He is always mourning for some dead love.'
'It was really a good song,' remarked one of

the crew, who was still sitting and beating the measure of the song with his foot on the floor.

'Oh, it is all foolishness!' cried the mate. 'There is no sense in it. A girl dying from seasickness—bah!'

Then they began discussing quietly the probabilities of the matter. Most of them thought the thing might possibly happen. The first mate thumped on the table; the second mate took no part in the discussion, but occasionally drew a few notes from his instrument.

'Never mind!' cried the first mate. ''T is no true sailor song; that must be set to an entirely different tune. A true sailor does not care for the girls. Let them go to the devil! —let them stay ashore! They are only made to harm us, I tell you! Many a brave boy has been spoiled by a pair of eyes that afterward only laughed at him. Let them go to the devil, I say. If we are going to capsize, then let us capsize, and stay with our vessel; but let the women stay where they are. I know a song about that.

'Then sing your song, and stop your crazy jabber!' said the second mate.

The first mate looked as though he would retort; but cries were heard: 'Sing, sing!'

The mate smiled, filled all the glasses, wiped off his mouth, and asked the musician if he could play 'The Devil and His Pumpstick.'

'I do not play such heathenish trash,' answered the other, gruffly.

The first mate laughed.

'You need n't be afraid. There are many honest songs sung to monkey tunes. I can get along well enough without your old organ.'

Then he sung:

'The breeze is whistling like a bird,—
A music-box a-trilling;
It buzzes as its wheels are stirred,
And the mighty bass of the sea is heard,
Its lighter pauses filling.
And a little music-box like this
(Holloa, boys, mark my word!)
Is the best delight of the sailor's heart
Which he can have on board.

'We cannot take the woods so fair,
Where thrushes and finches stay;
The woods have many a dangerous snare,
The birds have many a battle there,
And so good-bye we say.
Good-bye, thou forest of tuneful songs;
(Holloa, boys, mark my word!)
A sailor's song from the heart that comes
Refreshes all on board.

'I know there is one who sits ashore,
With delicate white hands,
Who smiles and simpers o'er and o'er;
But let me never be merry more,
If that tune I can understand.
Oh, a little music-box like this
(Holloa, boys, mark my word!)
May do very well for a day ashore,
But not when we 're on board.

'Full early enough will come the day
Of our gallant vessel's fate,
When we shall become the ocean's prey;
But still we will never be dragged away
On land, like a captive skate.

And so good-bye to our sweethearts dear,
(Holloa, boys, mark my word!)
Though to a shipwreck we journey on,
Still let us die on board.'

Once started, they went on singing. One song followed another, but they were of such a character that Tönnes, although he understood them, did not take any special pleasure in listening. He arose, and went away as soon as he could, unnoticed.

He was much troubled. What was it they had been singing about? As he walked in the white moonlight, through the sand, he compared it with the surging waves in his own soul that day. He began to suspect the existence of something which he had hitherto experienced only as the blood coursing in his veins. He went near the captain's house. Deep quiet reigned there, while the moon peeped down into the chimney as though she would discover the dreams of the inmates.

'Is she sleeping now? Yes. Does she dream? Possibly. But of whom . . . ?'

Tönnes appeared to himself like a thief, prowling about listening and exploring. Suppose anyone should see him! What would be thought of him?

He felt down-hearted. What was really the trouble with him?

Feeling how impossible it was for him to understand himself, he went back, making a wide detour around the inn, leaped the brook, and returned slowly to the smithy, feeling soothed by the consciousness that he was walking alone, and that nobody could ask him any questions.

When he had reached the fence and was stealing quietly toward his chamber window, he noticed that Prussian was on the point of barking at him.

He whispered the dog's name, which immediately changed his bark into a low, confidential whine, as though he would say: 'Is it you? Is it you?'

As the dog wagged his tail, his chain rattled. Tönnes longed for and needed company. He

walked to the kennel on tip-toes, and stroked his comrade's head. Prussian returned the demonstrations of affection. He fully realized that he must not bark.

'No, I cannot possibly sleep to-night,' he said to himself, as he loosened the dog's chain.

'Be quiet, Prussian! You may go with me, but be quiet, sir!'

The two friends strolled away together — where and why, one had not much more idea than the other. They pursued their way across the sand to the foot of the bluff. Tönnes climbed up, and the dog leaped after him.

Tönnes seated himself upon a tree-root. The dog crouched in front of him and laid his head on his lap. Tönnes took the faithful head between his hands. The one eye which still had sight noticed how the two eyes of his companion lingered with a strange half-absent expression upon the houses down on the sand, which, in the blinding moon-light, seemed almost floating and mingling with the sea.

Presently Tönnes' head sank down toward

the dog. His breast heaved; his hand trembled. The dog uttered a low half-inquiring whine, as though, with almost human intelligence, he would ask the cause of his friend's trouble.

Tönnes pressed the dog's head between his hands. At that moment he might have confided to his friend that he suffered from the first overpowering effect of a discovery he had just made. He loved the daughter of Andreas Spang.

It must be so. It could not possibly be otherwise. How young and inexperienced is one at eighteen years! Yet even then the tides of passion in the heart toss to and fro in murmuring streams, growing ever stronger and stronger, till at last they rise, break forth, and cry: 'It is so. Thou art ours. We have a hold on thee, we will not let thee go; listen now to us; we cry it into thine ear—thou lovest, lovest for the first time; thou art lost if thy love fails thee, for thou lovest like the race here upon this coast—thy race and hers, dar-

ing, proud, bound to a passion as this people to their strand, as the strand to the sea which rolls its eternal waves.'

A touch can set adrift an unmoored boat. The mate's song had given the shock; Tönnes was drifting upon the sea of passion.

He groaned. The dog began to whine. Alas! alas! the animal could not understand him. Why need he press so hard?

Tönnes sprang to his feet.

'Captain! Captain!' he exclaimed, passing his hand over his forehead.

So he stood thus, looking across the moonlit sea, whose waves broke against the sand. Those waves should serve him; by them he would reach her.

Meanwhile the waves were breaking within his own soul. He was yet so young; he had never before struggled against that current; he almost felt afraid to think how deep it ran.

And over strand and sea sprang the vast arch of the spring night, its bright orbs glittering like innumerable shining points. As we

stand, on such a night and under such a sky, in long and lonely contemplation, we seem to hear murmurs of sublimity and peace, a low and soothing melody, stilling the tempest of the soul, subduing all our passion and disquietude, our yearnings and our hopes, our desires and our prayers; the murmur of a wondrous, far-off voice, which softly whispers: 'Patience!'

Then Tönnes and Prussian went home to sleep.

V.

AND Nanna?

When, the week following, her father and Tönnes started for the harbor where the bark 'Anna Dorothea' was at anchor, she went into her chamber and wept.

It seemed to her that she was weeping for her father. But had he not often left her for such journeys without her having been so deeply moved? Then it must be . . .

'For Tönnes?' she asked herself.

He had looked so sad the day after the scene in the kitchen! Then she had called to him kindly, and asked what ailed him; to which he answered only by a silent pressure of her hand.

Then she cried 'Oh!' so that he released it, and went away; and thus the last days had passed without either of them taking much pleasure in the company of the other.

The last day they had spent together they met at old Jacob's house on the bluff. They sat on the bench outside the signal station, both in silence.

Then Tönnes had suddenly risen, and pointing over the sea, said:

'I shall certainly be a captain, like your father.'

He spoke so abruptly that she could not help laughing.

'You need not laugh!' exclaimed Tönnes.

'I cannot help it.'

'Then you can sit here and laugh alone!'

And with these words Tönnes sprang away down the path.

He had indeed been strange and capricious.

The young maiden stood weeping in her chamber, leaning her elbows on her small dressing-case. But people did not weep long at a time here on this coast. She soon grew angry with herself, and wiped the tears off her cheeks. Then she opened the upper drawer of her bureau, where were kept the little pres-

ents given her at her confirmation. There was also a small red-covered book, with the title: 'Journal of the Bark "Anna Dorothea," Captain Andreas Spang, on a Voyage to Cadiz and the West Indies, and back *via* Leith.'

The characters were large and high, and occasionally jostled each other's elbows in their eagerness to hurry on. But Nanna did not observe this.

It was Tönnes' diary of his first voyage. Captain Spang, who himself wrote very unwillingly, had ordered his ship-boy to keep this journal. It might be of some use to him afterward, he said; and when he came home he made his daughter a present of the little book.

Nanna opened it, and read. But soon she grew tired of the monotony of these reports of weather and wind and the daily work on shipboard. She was unable to find Tönnes himself beneath all these short sailor expressions, with which she certainly was familiar, but which told her more of the ship than of the boy. She would have preferred a letter. But let-

ters were not written very often on this coast.

She pushed the book back into its place, and took out the box Tönnes had given her.

She held in her hand the chain, with the three small agates. She remembered the expression in her playmate's eyes, when he, half bashfully, half wistfully, had held the box out toward her.

The chain grew almost warm in her hand. She put it quickly around her neck, noticing at the same time that the three little agates were but slightly fastened to the gold spring and might easily be separated from the chain. The latter was sufficiently strong; she tested it by pulling it so that it left a red circle upon her pretty neck.

She had some white silk thread. Silk, she knew, was considered very strong. She tied, in true sailor fashion, the emblems of Hope, Faith, and Love, and fastened them to the silver chain, finishing with a solid treble knot. Then she knew that it could not become unfastened.

After that day she always wore the chain in plain sight around her neck. But the three small agates rested where no curious eye could see them — over the warm, beating heart of the young maiden.

And so the summer passed.

Late in the autumn the captain came home. Nanna embraced her father long and heartily; and hiding her face upon his breast, asked:

'Well, — and Tönnes . . . ?'

The old man laughed, and took her in his arms.

'Do you long for him, my lass?'

'You ought not to ask that, but only to answer my question.'

'Well, Tönnes went at once to the city. He will stay there and attend school till he passes his examination. He would not come home before he was a mate, he said; and I think he is right. For here you two only quarrel . . .'

She laid her hand on his mouth, and his words were choked in laughter. But

afterwards, when they began to speak soberly together, he could not get anything out of the girl.

'Just like her father!' he said, looking after her, half proudly, half dubiously. 'Oh, yes! before a board can be used for a ship, it must go through the steam-box, and be fashioned into shape. Everything in this world, indeed, can be likened to a vessel.'

And with this remark, Captain Andreas Spang mixed his usual evening grog; and the grog was none of the weakest.

Time ran its wonted course in the small town. The captain soon began to feel restless, as he always did when he had been some time at home. Besides, this time he had really no benefit from his daughter's company, although she was grown up now, and could not romp about, but had to assist her aunt in the daily housework. It was naturally to be supposed — and the captain did suppose it — that she might by this time be company for him. But she had grown moody and silent; she

often sat with her cheek upon her hand, leaning her elbow on the window, and when her father spoke to her she answered with a slight frown, or smiled distractedly, and filled his pipe with ashes instead of tobacco.

When, after the second glass of grog, the captain ventured some remonstrance, she arose and playfully laid her hand on his mouth, until he begged for peace. Certainly, it was always nothing but joking between them. But sometimes, when he had got the third glass of grog, he became too blunt in his hints about Tönnes; and then the young girl left the room.

'God save us!' the captain often said to himself, 'what strange creatures women are! In some points they are as uncertain as a cat-rigged vessel in a storm!'

At last it became too tiresome for the good captain. He looked for company outside the house. There was no great choice. He tried the smithy.

But he had not been there many times before he felt sure that plan would not work.

The captain could speak very well with the smith about Tönnes; but to this topic was their conversation limited. Neither of them had learned in the great cities the art of speaking of everything and nothing. Each had his special interests, but added together these were neither many nor great. Moreover, the smith took strong drink in only a very moderate degree; he seldom laughed — and never at the stories of the captain. Nor did he like it that his guest bantered old Jacob. And so, very naturally, these visits soon ceased.

Then the captain got another companion. It was Prussian.

It happened thus: The old sailor had one day, when nobody else was at home in the smithy, stopped in front of Prussian's dwelling, and had been greatly diverted by the alert and indefatigable manner in which the dog had shown his watchfulness and his very unsociable nature. As the stout captain did not tire out, the dog did. Prussian turned his stump-tail, and, growling unamiably, crept inside his

kennel, where he turned himself around several times, and at last lay down, his head flat upon his own threshold, and his one eye fixed watchfully on his antagonist.

Captain Spang could make his voice sound very gentle when he chose. The shyest children were won by it, and would go to him. He now tried its effect upon the dog. It was a difficult task, but at last he succeeded. The dog came out from his kennel, yawned, winked with his single eye, and presently began an amicable wagging of his tail.

The friendship was formed.

Yet, justice demands that this matter should be treated a little more explicitly, less the episode might seem to show an unaccountable inconsistency in the faithful dog's character. Since the night when Prussian had accompanied his young master to the forest, a certain coolness had sprung up between them. Tönnes, during his last week at home, had been so absorbed in his own affairs that he had openly neglected Prussian. Under this im-

pression, on the part of the dog, that he had been neglected, the master had left; and, as we know, Prussian usually remembered very well and very long. Doubtless, in his loneliness he had made his own conjectures, and had scarcely reached a gratifying result. Man was, and remained, a very ungrateful creature.

Later, Nanna had paid the dog occasional visits; but she had proved to be but little better company. She might sit stroking his head, and then suddenly become absorbed in her own thoughts; and when Prussian tried to recall her attention to his presence by poking her a little unceremoniously with his nose, the girl responded by pulling his ears. At first he thought this only a joke, and repeated his demonstration; but he soon found it was no joke at all, and then their friendship broke.

For Prussian was proud, and, like all faithful characters, rather exacting. He would not be the plaything of passing humors; he would have his rights. There should be consistency and sincerity in all things. He had become

embittered by all these deceptions. How could he ever reach the bottom of the matter? Besides, they seemed no longer to have confidence in him. How, then, could a dog be anything else than embittered? When two love each other, a third must often suffer by it.

It was just at this juncture that the meeting occurred between the captain and the dog.

Soon they became inseparable. The captain bought the dog from the smith.

It had been difficult to bring matters so far as this. But the old sailor was obstinate — and so was the dog, which, when he had really understood the strength of his feelings, broke his chain so often, and gave so much trouble, that at last the smith yielded. After that time, little intercourse was kept up between the two men; for the smith, in his meditations, gloomy and introspective as they were, accused the captain of having robbed him first of his boy and next of his dog: all he had ever loved.

And Nanna, on her part, had also ventured to visit the smithy; but, like her father, she

had become satisfied that any extended intercourse was impossible. Tönnes' father had at first appeared to be somewhat thawed by the company of the charming and handsome girl; but whenever, by direct questionings or indirect allusions, she approached the subject of the son, the suspicion and pride of the father at once awoke. He was resolved that never should it be said that he had by word or deed encouraged an alliance between his humble house and the more prosperous one of Captain Spang. Children of the same class played best together; and perhaps — who could say? — when at last his son came to propose, he might be laughed at and turned away.

Then Nanna ceased to visit the smithy. She did not wait for any final outbreak of the smith's ill-humor; she changed the course of affairs in good season; and one day she returned home, her small head more than usually elevated, and her pretty lips closed more firmly together. She went into her chamber, and stood for a moment in reflection. In reality,

she was angry, very angry, with the smith; but perhaps this very anger toward the father had contributed not a little to the revelation of her feelings toward the son. She drew out the little chain and looked at the three small agates; then she closed her eyes, saw Tönnes stand before her,— and felt that she should love the smith's son, in spite of all the smiths in the world.

It is necessary, in this life, to have confidants; and for a young girl quite as much as for a young man. The latter may sometimes lock his secrets within his own heart; a young girl, never.

Nanna had no bosom friend. She did not care for any of the other girls of her age in the small town. Her aunt, she thought, wept too easily. Her father she loved so much that she could never have confided her secret to him; for she loved him almost as though he had been a great child. He was as wax in her hands; she knew all his weaknesses, hid them

from the sight of others, and readily forgave them. Such a feeling is rather maternal love than filial. But to such a man no one confides the first budding and tender secret of the heart: it can suffer dew of tears, it can suffer moisture from rain and storm and adversity — but not from grog.

Nanna confided her secret to old Jacob. When or how it had come about, neither of them could say. Old Jacob understood a half-sung song; perhaps he had himself once been young — although it certainly was a long time ago, and many doubted it. However that may be, he was a good listener, unweariedly answering the same questions over and over, and confirming the same conjectures; — and that is really all that lovers want.

The young girl visited him as often as was possible. Perhaps she sought forgiveness from the place, the signal-station, and the bench in front of it, for the manner in which she had bantered Tönnes the last time they had been there together. The old man smoked his pipe,

nodding, while the young girl spoke of the father at home and of Prussian, who had been added to the household; of the smith, and of the long winter; of whatever remarkable events had happened during the week,—and when Tönnes might be expected home. It always ended there.

Nanna knew very much better than her friend how to manœuvre; for she was a girl.

Winter yet lingered, although the first days of April had come. It had not been so protracted for many years; and to Nanna it had been long, very long.

To-day the sun shone. In reality it should have been the spring sun; but his rays fell upon remnants of snow-drifts along the edge of the forest and under the bluff, and a solid white sheet of ice stretched several hundred feet out into the bay. Beyond, the open sea was blue; it looked fresh and inviting, yet few vessels had heeded the invitation.

Old Jacob stood inside the shanty, with the telescope at his eye. Nanna was sitting be-

side him. Soon the stove became red-hot, and she was obliged to move away from it.

'Will this winter never end?' said the pretty girl, with a half-thoughtful, half-injured expression.

Old Jacob smiled slightly, and closed the telescope.

'Young people are always so impatient! . . . If the wind should shift to the west—and surely that may happen easily enough — then all that ice will disappear, and we shall have a thaw at once, and big buds within a week.'

'I hope it may be so!' sighed Nanna.

Then she arose, and happened to glance out through the small window which faced the path leading up from the bluff.

'What's the matter?' asked Jacob.

She had stepped back from the window, her color changing to a deep red. Then she made a movement, first as if she would run into the closet where Jacob kept his bedding and provisions, and next as if she would escape through the door.

But in the doorway there already stood a straight, broad-shouldered fellow, his face ruddy from a quick run in the sharp air.

'Tönnes! no — surely!' exclaimed old Jacob.

Tönnes pressed Jacob's hand, and turned toward Nanna. She had quite lost her composure. He noticed this, and immediately began talking rapidly and volubly about himself. Presently he drew from the inside of his blue cloth jacket a pocket-book and took from it a paper, which he handed to Nanna.

'Here is my examination certificate — both in longitude and latitude. My commission as mate I shall get after one voyage more. But this certificate is the most important. I stood first among all the candidates.'

'It could n't be otherwise!' declared Jacob, with emphasis.

And in truth, Tönnes looked extremely well; besides, happiness makes one doubly beautiful. His manner had grown somewhat confident and manly; but the more silent

Nanna kept, and the more she seemed to question him with her glances, the more unsteady and wandering grew the young man's gaze. At last he became quite silent. He felt like the Tönnes of last year.

'I am afraid I disturb you,' said old Jacob, preparing to leave them.

'No, stay!' cried Nanna, following him. 'It is too warm here,' added she, blushingly, to Tönnes.

'Yes, I think so, too!' said the young mate.

If it was warm inside, it was cold enough outside on the bench, although the sun was shining there.

'Come, let us go home!' said Nanna.

She nodded a good-bye to Jacob, and hurried down the path in advance of Tönnes.

He followed her. The sand hindered their speed, and they walked side by side.

'I thought we were to go through the forest,' said Tönnes.

'No!'

'Have you been thinking of me, Nanna,

since I went away?' continued he, in subdued tones.

She made no answer.

'Let me take your hand!' said he.

As he held it, it trembled within his own — or perhaps it was his own which was unsteady.

She looked up at him.

He withdrew his eyes; then he stopped and gazed into her face.

She trembled.

'You must not look at me in that way, Tönnes!'

He obeyed her: he was still under the influence of the old habit.

'Tönnes,' asked she, after walking in silence for a while, 'what are we going to do this afternoon?'

She wished to try her power again; she was herself once more.

He answered lightly, and somewhat at random.

She smiled. He noticed it, colored, and became silent.

'Tönnes,' said she, 'shall we meet again this afternoon, at old Jacob's place, or — or, perhaps, down at the beach? It is so tiresome at home,' added she, quickly.

For an answer he pressed her hand.

'Ah, let me go!' cried she. 'Can you catch me?'

She flew along the sand, jumping over the stones and snow-drifts, and was soon far ahead.

He had lost some of his old power of running on the sand. She stopped and turned around laughing.

He came up at full speed, threw his arms around her, and lifted her high into the air.

'Do n't!' cried she, earnestly. 'I shall be angry. Some one might see us.'

He put her down, perplexed. Her last remark struck him; evidently he had not thought of that possibility.

'May I not even hold your hand?' asked he.

'No!'

They went along together in silence to the

village. At the outskirts, she offered him her hand.

'I must go home,' said she; 'let us separate here!'

He pressed her hand; she returned the pressure, looking straight into his eyes.

'Good-bye!' said she. 'We shall see each other again!'

Later in the afternoon, they met upon the strand below old Jacob's hut. Tönnes had gone thither along the beach; but Nanna had walked through the forest.

'What shall we do now?' asked Tönnes.

'Let us walk a little farther away,' said the young girl; 'old Jacob is so inquisitive.'

'Well, there is no harm if he is,' said Tönnes.

'No, but . . . can't we go out on the ice?'

'Yes, if you like. May I take your hand?'

'Yes!'

They went out on the ice together. Ice always makes people feel youthful. They

amused themselves as much as possible, sliding, pulling, and pushing each other, as though they were really children.

They ventured far out; they knew the ice was strong enough; they aimed to reach the open water, where some sea-mews and black crows struggled against the wind, which blew over the dreary waste.

The wind really blew from a new direction. It now came whistling out from the forest, covering the sky with clouds which indicated a coming thaw.

'How cloudy it is getting!' exclaimed Nanna; 'listen! how the ice cracks! It is so pleasant! this dreary winter is going away just as you are coming home.'

'Yes,' said Tönnes, 'this time I am bringing all good things home with me. But for whose sake?'

He pressed the young and slender girl within his arms.

'Let me kiss you!' whispered he through the wind. 'You used to kiss me in old times.'

'In old times?' laughed Nanna, trying to escape from him. 'Yes, but it was different then!'

She grew serious.

'No, Tönnes, you must be quiet. You would n't make me angry would you? . . . Look there!' and she pointed toward the rim of the ice, where at that moment a seal appeared, as if to find out the meaning of all this gale and cracking of the ice.

Tönnes was a hunter. Scarcely did he see the seal before he grasped Nanna by the arm.

'Be quiet! Stay here, but don't move. Watch him while I hurry after the gun.'

'What! will you run home, that long distance!'

'Certainly; I will be back quickly; only watch him!'

Unheeding her answer, he sprang toward the shore. To reach the solid ground he was obliged to jump over a large fissure in the ice. He did not mind it. He only beckoned to her to stay where she was, and she signalled back

that she certainly would watch; and then he hurried along the beach. This time he was as quick as Nanna had been in the forenoon.

He reached home, breathless.

'The gun!' cried he. 'The beach-gun! There is a seal!'

The smith was a little displeased by his eagerness. But all the inhabitants of this coast were hunters, the smith not least.

'You must first draw out the old charge,' said the smith, handing down the heavy gun.

'I have n't time!' answered Tönnes.

'Nonsense; the shot has grown fast in the barrel long ago, and you must not meet with any accident for the sake of a seal. He will wait for you.'

'Yes, but . . .'

'No *but!* Come here!'

Ten minutes passed; and so half an hour might have passed, before Tönnes, with the big gun in his hand, came running through the heavy sand of the beach. The storm roared.

Tönnes felt his heart sink within him; it seemed to him that the figure away out there on the ice had become so alarmingly small. Running at full speed, he glanced toward the edge of the water, and uttered a loud cry.

The ice was drifting!

He hurried on until he reached the place, beyond the signal-station, where he and Nanna had walked out on the ice. The rift nearest the land had widened; yet he might still, by his utmost effort, clear it with a leap. But some hundred feet beyond him there was a large open belt of water; and upon the floating ice, on the farther side of the belt, Nanna was drifting out to sea.

He saw how she beckoned and beckoned. He cried out to her. He could not hear her voice; the wind carried it away. He stood as if turned to stone.

But it was only for a moment. With a tremendous leap he sprang over the first gap, and hastened across the ice. Now he could see

Nanna's features. She was pale as death, and crouched down in order to offer least resistance to the gale.

Tönnes stood at the open channel. It might be about forty yards to swim. He drew a deep breath, lifted the heavy gun over his head, and fired it as a signal for the old watchman. Then he threw off his jacket and boots, and plunged like a Newfoundland dog into the icy water.

Nanna had hurried to the edge of the ice. She knelt down to assist him in his efforts to climb the brittle rim.

'Poor Tönnes! — dear Tönnes! I knew you would come!'

He was on his knees at her side; he struggled to speak, but could not make the words pass his lips. He pressed her in his wet arms, and presently uttered, in a hoarse voice, three words:

'I love you!'

A few hours later, when the twilight threatened to extinguish the last hope of rescue, the

two lovers, still sitting close together on the drifting ice, heard a cry:

'Ahoy there! Are you still alive?'

It was old Jacob's voice. He sat in the prow of the fishing-boat, bringing help.

It was never quite clear how the old watchman, with only his one leg and a half, had managed in so short a time to reach the fishermen of the town and get their boat launched. But old Jacob only coughed, and explained that love lends strength.

'One hour more, and you had never made a pair, children!' remarked the captain, trying to hide his emotion in his fourth glass of grog.

'But we were indeed a pair,' said Tönnes, quietly, with Nanna's hand in his.

VI.

THE 'Anna Dorthea,' in the North Sea, was pounding along under shortened sail. The weather was thick, the air dense; there was a falling barometer.

It had been a short trip this time. Leroy & Sons, wine merchants of Havre, had made better offers than the old houses in Bordeaux. At each one of his later trips, Captain Spang had said it should be his last. He would 'lay up' at home; he was growing too stout and clumsy for the sea, and now he could trust fully to Tönnes, his first mate. The captain's big broad face was flushed as usual; he always looked as if he were illuminated by a setting October sun; there was no change here — rather, the sunset tint was stronger. But Tönnes noted how the features, which he knew both in moments of simple good-nature and

of sullen tumult, had gradually relaxed. He thought that it would indeed soon be time for his old skipper to 'lay up'; yet perhaps a few trips might still be made.

'Holloa, Tönnes! let her go about before the next squall strikes her. She lies too dead on this bow.'

The skipper had raised his head above the cabin stairs. As usual, he was in his shirt-sleeves, and his scanty hair fluttered in the wind. When he had warned his mate, he again disappeared in the cabin.

Tönnes gave the order to the man at the helm, and hurried to help at the main-braces. The double-reefed main-top-sail swung about, the 'Anna Dorthea' caught the wind somewhat sluggishly, and not without getting considerable water over her; then followed the fore-top-sail, the reefed fore-sail, and the try-sail. When the tacking was finished, and the sails had again caught the wind, the try-sail was torn from the bolt-ropes with a loud crack.

The captain's head appeared again.

'We must close-reef!' said he.

The last reef was taken in; the storm came down and lashed the sea; the sky grew more and more threatening; the waves dashed over the deck at each plunge of the old bark in the sea. The old vessel, which had carried her captain for a generation, lay heavily on the water — Tönnes thought too heavily.

The second mate — the same who had played the accordeon at the inn — came over to Tönnes.

'It was wrong to stow the china-clay at the bottom and the casks on top; she lies horribly dead, and I 'm afraid we shall have to use the pumps.'

'Yes, I said so to the old man, but he would have it that way,' answered Tönnes. 'We shall have a wet night.'

'We shall, surely,' said the second mate.

Tönnes crawled up to the helm, and looked at the compass. Two men were at the helm — lashed fast. Tönnes looked up into the

rigging and out to windward; then suddenly he cried, with the full force of his lungs:

'Look out for breakers!'

Tönnes himself helped at the wheel; but the vessel only half answered the helm. The greater portion of the sea struck the bow, the quarter, and the bulwarks and stanchions amidship, so that they creaked and groaned. One of the men at the helm had grasped Tönnes, who would otherwise have been swept into the lee-scupper. When the ship had righted from the terrible blow, the captain stood on the deck in his oil-cloth suit.

'Are any men missing?' cried he, through the howling of the wind and the roaring of the water streaming fore and aft, unable to escape quickly enough through the scuppers.

The storm raged with undiminished fury. The crew—and amongst them Prussian, who had been promoted to be ship's-dog—by and by dived forward through the seething salt-water and the fragments of wreck that covered the deck.

Now it was noticed that the second mate was missing.

The captain looked at Tonnes, and then out on the wild sea. He scarcely glanced at the crushed long-boat; even if a boat could have been launched, it would have been too late. Tönnes and his skipper were fearless men, who took things as they were. If any help could have been given, they would have given it. But their eyes sought vainly for any dark speck amidst the foaming waves — and it was necessary to care for themselves, the vessel, and the crew.

'God save his soul!' murmured Captain Spang.

Tönnes passed his hand across his brow, and went to his duty.

Evening set in; the wind increased rather than decreased.

'She is taking in water,' said the captain, who had sounded the pumps.

Tönnes assented.

'We must change her course,' said the cap-

tain. 'She pitches too heavily in this sea.'

The bark was held up to the wind as closely as possible. The pumps were worked steadily, but often got out of order on account of the china-clay, which mixed with the water down in the hold.

It was plain that the vessel grew heavier and heavier; her movements in climbing a wave were more and more dead.

During the night a cry arose: again one of the crew was washed overboard.

It was a long night, and a wet one, as Tönnes had predicted. Several times the skipper dived down into his cabin—Tönnes knew perfectly well what for, but he said nothing. Few words were spoken on board the 'Anna Dorthea' that night.

In the morning, the captain, returning from one of his excursions down below, declared that the cabin was half-full of water.

'We must watch for a sail,' he said, abruptly, and somewhat huskily.

Tönnes passed the word round amongst the

crew. One might read on their faces that they were prepared for this, and that they had ceased to hope, although they had not stopped work at the pumps.

The whole of the weather bulwark, the cook's cabin, and the long-boat, were crushed or washed away; the water could be heard below the hatches. While keeping a sharp look-out for sails, many an eye glanced at the yawl as the last resort. But on board Captain Spang's vessel the words were not yet spoken which carried with them the doom of the ship: 'We are sinking!'

In the gray-white of the dawn a signal was to be hoisted; the bunting was tied together at the middle and raised half-mast high.

Both the captain and Tonnes had lashed themselves aft; for now the bark was but little better than a wreck, over which the billows broke incessantly, as the vessel, reeling like a drunken man, exposed herself to the violent attacks of the sea instead of parrying them.

'A sail to windward, captain!' cried Tönnes.

Captain Spang only nodded.

'She holds her course!' cried one of the crew, excitedly.

'No,' said Tönnes, quietly. 'She has seen us, and is bearing down upon us!'

The captain again nodded.

''T is a brig!' cried one of the crew.

'A schooner-brig!' Tönnes corrected. 'She carries her sails finely. I am sure she is a fruit-trader.'

At last the strange vessel was so near that they could see her deck each time she was thrown upon her side in the violent seething sea.

'Yes, 't is the schooner-brig!' exclaimed Tönnes. 'Do you remember, captain, the time when . . .'

Again Captain Spang nodded. He acted strangely. Tönnes looked sharply at him, and shook his head.

Now Tönnes hailed the vessel:

'Help us! — We are sinking!'

At this moment, two or three of the bark's

crew rushed toward the yawl, although Tönnes warned them back.

Captain Spang seemed changed. Evidently some opposing feelings contended within him. Seeing the insubordination of the men, he only shrugged his shoulders, and let Tönnes take full charge.

The men were in the yawl, still hanging under the iron davits. Now they cut the ropes; the yawl touched the water. The crew of the other vessel gestured warningly; but it was too late. A sea seized the yawl with its small crew, and the next moment crushed it against the main chains of the bark. Their shipmates raised a cry, and rushed to help them; but help was impossible. Boat and crew had disappeared.

'Did n't I say so?' cried Tönnes, with flaming eyes.

Over there in the schooner-brig all was activity. From the 'Anna Dorthea' they could plainly see how the captain gave his orders. He manœuvred his vessel like a true sailor.

To board the wreck in such a sea would be madness. Therefore they unreeved two long lines and attached them to the long-boat, one on each side. Then they laid breeching under the boat, and hauled it up amidships by means of tackle. Taking advantage of a moment when their vessel was athwart the seas, they unloosed the tackle, and the boat swung out over the side; then they cut the breeching, the boat fell on the water aft, and now both lines were eased off quickly; while the brig caught the wind, the boat drifted towards the stern-sheets of the bark.

Tönnes was ready with a boat-hook, and connections were quickly made between the boat and the wreck.

'Quick now!' cried Tönnes. 'Every man in the boat! No one takes his clothes with him! We may be thankful if we save our lives.'

The men were quickly over the stern-sheets and down in the boat. Prussian whined, and kept close to Captain Spang, who had not moved one step on the deck.

'Come, captain!' cried Tönnes, taking the skipper by the arm.

'What's the matter!' asked the old man, angrily.

Tönnes looked at him. Prussian barked.

'We must get into the boat, captain. The vessel may sink at any moment. Come!'

The captain pressed his sou'-wester down over his forehead, and glanced around his deck.

The men in the boat cried out to them to come.

'Well!' said Captain Spang, but with an air so absent-minded and a bearing so irresolute that Tönnes at last took a firm hold on him.

Prussian showed his teeth at his former master.

'You go first!' exclaimed Tönnes, snatching the dog and throwing him down to the men, who were having hard work to keep the boat from wrecking.

When the dog was no longer on the deck, it seemed as if Captain Spang's resistance was

broken. Tönnes did not let go his hold on him; but the young mate had to use almost superhuman strength to get the heavy old man down over the vessel's side, and placed on a seat in the boat.

As soon as they had observed, from the brig, that this had been done, they hauled in both lines. The boat moved back again; but it was a dangerous voyage, and all were obliged to lash themselves fast to the thwarts with ropes placed there for that purpose.

Captain Spang was like a child. Tönnes had to lash him to the seat. The old man sat with his face hidden in his hands, his back turned toward his ship, inactive, and seemingly unconscious of what took place around him.

At last, when, after a hard struggle, all were on the deck of the schooner-brig, her captain came forward, placed his hand on his old friend's shoulder, and said:

'It is the second time, you see! Well, we all cling to life, and the vessel over there is pretty old.'

Captain Spang started. He scarcely returned his friend's hand-shaking.

'My vessel, I say! My papers! All that I have is in the vessel. I must go aboard, do you hear? I must go aboard. How could I forget?'

The other skipper and Tönnes looked at each other.

Captain Spang wrung his hands, and stamped on the deck, his eyes fixed on his sinking vessel. She was still afloat; what did he care for the gale and the heavy sea? He belonged to the old school of skippers; he was bound to his vessel by ties longer than any life-line, heavier than any hawser; he had left his ship in a bewildered state, and had taken nothing with him that might serve to prove what he possessed and how long he had possessed it. His good old vessel was still floating on the water. He must, he would go there; if nobody would go with him, he would go alone.

All remonstrances were in vain.

Tönnes pressed the other skipper's hand.

'There is nothing else to be done. I know him,' said he.

'So do I,' was the answer.

Captain Spang and his mate were again in the boat. As they were on the point of starting, a loud whine and violent barking sounded from the deck, and Prussian showed his one eye over the railing.

'Stay where you are!' cried Tönnes. 'We shall be back soon.'

But the dog did not understand him. Perhaps he had his doubts; no one can say. He sprang overboard; Tönnes seized him by the ear, and hauled him into the boat.

And then the two men and the dog ventured back to the abandoned vessel.

This time the old man climbed on board without assistance.

Prussian whined in the boat.

'Throw that dog up to me!' cried the master.

Tönnes did so.

'Shall I come up and help you?' he called out.

'No, I can find my own way.'

'But hurry, captain! do you understand?' said Tönnes, who anxiously noticed that the motions of the vessel were becoming more and more dangerous, while he needed all his strength to keep the boat clear of the wreck.

An answer came from the bark, but he could not catch it. In this moment Tönnes recalled the day when he rowed the captain out on the bay to the brig. His next thought was of Nanna. Oh, if she knew where they were!

And at this thought the mate's breast was filled with conflicting emotions. The dear blessed girl! . . . Oh, if her father would only come!

'Captain!' cried Tönnes; 'Captain Spang! for God's sake, come! Leave those papers alone. The vessel is sinking. We may at any moment . . '

He paused.

The captain stood at the stern-sheets. At his side was Prussian, squinting down into the boat. There was an entirely strange expression in Andreas Spang's face; a double expression — one moment hard and defiant, the next almost solemn.

The sou'-wester had fallen from his old head. His scanty hairs fluttered in the wind. He held in his hand a parcel of papers and a coil of rope. He pointed toward the brig.

'There,' he cried, throwing the package and the rope down to Tönnes. 'Give the skipper this new line for his trouble. He has used plenty of rope for us. You go back. I stay here. Give . . . my . . . love . . . to the girl at home. . . . You and she. . . . You two. . . . God bless you!'

'Captain!' cried Tönnes in affright. 'You are sick; come, let me . . .'

He prepared to climb on board.

Captain Spang lifted his hand threateningly, and Prussian barked furiously.

'Stay down there, boy, I say! The vessel

and I, we belong together. You shall take care of the girl. Good-bye!'

The 'Anna Dorthea' rolled heavily over on one side, righted again, and then began to plunge her head downwards, like a whale that, tired of the surface, seeks rest at the bottom. The crew of the brig hauled in the lines of the boat. Tossed on the turbid sea, Tönnes saw his old skipper leaning against the helm, the dog at his side. His gray hairs fluttered in the wind, as if they wafted a last farewell; and down with vessel and dog went the old skipper — down into the wild sea that so long had borne him on its waves.

VII.

A DOOR was hastily opened into the outer darkness. A gleam of light appeared, and then disappeared; the door closed behind a figure that moved out from the house, through the open gate, and farther on, with irresolute steps, along the soft sandy way between the houses and the huts of the small fishing town.

The person paused, tore off his hat, and let the fine dust-like rain of the November evening sprinkle his face. Then he continued his walk, with irregular motions, sometimes hastening feverishly forward, sometimes stopping abruptly; and so passed up through the town toward the smithy.

On the steps outside of the smith's dwelling he stood still and seemed to hesitate. The small yard was dead and silent; the wind, scattering the rain, sighed in the leafless willows;

far beyond sounded the melancholy waves breaking against the shore.

The curtains were never drawn before the smith's windows. He did not care for that. Everybody might see him. To-night he was sitting at his table, with a small candle before him, listening to hear if anybody crossed the stone pavement of the yard.

Old Jacob, too, was sitting in his accustomed place. His pipe had gone out; so had the smith's. Both of the men pursued their own thoughts; but these were not pleasant.

The smith arose, snatched the candle, and went to the door. He threw it open; the light fell on the figure standing outside. It was his son.

The smith let him in, but said nothing. Tönnes crossed the floor, dropped down on one of the rude wooden chairs, and sat there — his head sunk upon his breast, his hat on, his legs stretched forward — without notieing the two old men.

Then the smith asked slowly:

'Did you see her?'

Tönnes looked up, and nodded.

The smith stood for a moment watching him. Then he placed the candle on the table, took a seat, and waited.

Not the slightest attempt at an explanation came from the son.

The smith moved his chair a little, coughed, and began again:

'Would she not listen at all, Tönnes?'

The son shook his head, and nodded again.

'Did she say nothing?' asked the smith.

'No. She listened to my explanation, as she did the other day, when I came home. I told her the whole story over again, and asked her only to give me her hand. She only looked at me—thus; then I arose, and she arose also; then I again reached my hand; she only folded her arms, and said: "Good-bye."'

Tönnes poured out the words as if they had been committed to memory. He uttered them monotonously, and, as he ended, his chin again sank down upon his breast.

The smith observed him sharply, and moved nearer.

'Did she say nothing else?'

Tönnes opened his mouth, and closed it again; there came no sound. He took off his hat and looked at it as if it were a very mysterious object.

'Tönnes!' said his father, a little sternly.

The young man started. He rose from his seat and whispered, as though to the room:

'She said: "It is all over between us!"'

The smith and old Jacob sprang up and hurried to Tönnes.

They caught him in their arms just as he was on the point of fainting and falling forward on the floor.

'Tönnes! Tönnes, my boy!' cried the smith, supporting the strong body, which trembled under the violent effort to keep back the tears.

'I am sick,' murmured Tönnes. 'Let me — let me go in and lie down . . .'

The smith's eyes had a wild expression.

One arm supported his son; with his clenched right hand he knocked on the table, so that the light jumped up.

'She shall pay for this. She shall . . .'

Tönnes seized his arm.

'Do not say anything against her, I beg you,' murmured he. 'You must not! Oh, my God, how sick I am . . .'

'No wonder!' whispered old Jacob. 'No sleep, no food . . .'

The two old men led him into the small chamber, undressed him, as he had not been since his return, and at last got him to bed.

Tönnes lay with eyes closed.

'He has fever, I think,' whispered Jacob.

'Yes,' said the smith, who had taken his son's hand.

'What shall we do?' asked Jacob.

'We will sit here till he feels better. You make him a cup of strong coffee, as strong as you can. Evil things are driven away with evil things. To-morrow I will go and see her.'

Tönnes opened his eyes and stared at his father. He looked as if he wished to speak. But the eyes closed again. After a while he began to mutter, and then to talk wildly.

'It is exactly like . . .' began Jacob.

'Be quiet!' whispered the smith.

After a while Jacob said:

'I don't think the coffee will help.'

'No!' answered the smith.

The two old friends remained throughout the night in the small chamber.

The next day, at about noon, the smith passed through the gate of the green-painted fence, and knocked at the door of Captain Spang's house.

The aunt, dressed in black, opened the door.

Was Nanna in?

She was.

Could he see her?

'Yes . . . I will see . . .'

And the aunt retired, while the smith stood waiting in the entry.

He had not long to wait. He heard the

aunt making some objections; but she was shortly interrupted by Nanna: 'Let him come in!'

The smith entered. Nanna, dressed in black, was sitting with some needlework near the window. Though it could not be said that her beauty had suffered, yet her features bore traces of the great sorrow that had come upon the house. Besides, during the last year her hair had grown a little darker, and the expression of her face more serious.

When the smith had made his short salutation, she flushed slightly, but quickly recovered her composure. In her old manner, she bit her lip with her white teeth, and bent her head.

He might begin.

The smith looked at her. He observed that she still wore the chain around her neck; but she did not notice the glance which followed this observation.

He spoke standing. She had not asked him to sit down. He spoke at first rather thickly,

but by and by more fluently, like a man who has considered beforehand what to say. He spoke like one fighting in a difficult cause, but a cause dear to him, and weighing on his heart. Only once did he mention his son's name. When he saw that it did not produce the effect he had expected, his face clouded; his hand clutched the brim of his hat, and he ended by making the girl responsible for whatever might happen to his son.

There was a pause.

She sat waiting; she wished to know if there was anything further. The smith's last words had made her cold. He remained silent. Then she raised her head and looked at her lover's father.

'Did Tönnes ask you to come here and say this to me?'

The smith answered, 'No.'

'He did not? Then I have only to deal with you?'

'Tönnes is sick,' answered the smith, whose mein grew darker and darker.

'Is he? Oh, he will get well again.'

The smith muttered something between his teeth.

'Have you no pity at all?' he at last burst out.

She arose and looked toward the door which the aunt had left ajar. She raged inwardly, but controlled her voice and her bursting tears.

'Did *he* show any pity? How could he leave my father, an old man, to whom he owed everything?—yes, everything! . . . But it is useless to speak more about it. I have told him what I need not repeat to you. I could have borne that both had gone down — such is the fate of sailors; but I can never forgive a man who, in the hour of danger, forsakes . . . No, no! . . . Go, I tell you! . . . It is in the hour of danger that we show what we are. Tönnes has shown; and therefore I say to you, as I said to him: Go; it cannot be otherwise!'

She had spoken with increasing energy; but the last words were calm — perfectly calm and

distinct; there was no possibility of mistaking them.

The smith placed his hand on the latch behind him. Then he snatched it away, and extended it threateningly toward the young girl.

'And *you*—to you I say that you have never deserved a husband like my boy. Never; however proud you may be. I have spoken with all the old skippers of this town, and they say my boy could have acted in no other way, and that it would have been madness for him to go aboard. And now I trust in Him above, who is greater than the greatest captains, that my son shall become a man again after this voyage. If he recovers, it will be no thanks to you; and if he does not, then . . . then . . .'

Here the smith gasped for words. Opening the door, he added:

'It will be your turn next, Miss Spang; do you understand? It will be your turn. Goodbye!'

Again he opened the door, only showing his head, with eyes flashing angrily.

'But it will be no fault of mine, Miss, if you are not then turned away!'

Nanna had dropped her eyes. But at the smith's last words her head was again lifted and her eyes shot lightnings.

When the frightened aunt entered, the young girl threw herself upon her neck and pressed her close, weeping violently and uttering inaudible words. Nanna would have torn the chain from her neck, but the aunt hushed her, and softly took her hand away. And the chain was left in its place.

Just a year had passed since those November days. It was evening — a rainy, foggy evening; but the wind was stronger and sounded more dismal than last year. The candle, standing on the table before Nanna, flickered in the draft that forced its way through the windows. The wind howled around the

house, and doors and weather-vanes flapped and shrieked throughout the neighborhood. Nanna was so occupied with her work that she gave little heed to these sounds, which were not at all unusual on this coast and at this time of the year. She tried, not without difficulty, to copy some verses from a printed book which lay open before her, on a sheet of white paper, where there were already some blots and erasures. The book she had borrowed from the schoolmaster; paper, pen, and ink were her own, but she seldom used them, hence her slow progress, and the ink upon her fingers.

The following stanzas appeared upon the paper:

'Who is my foe? The one I would slay?
But where, then, is my friend?
Out through the world he searched his way;
The sea did bear him; the sea did betray,—
False as she ever will be.
In my dreams sweet visions of him would blend;
He was faithful and good, was my dearest friend,—
I waken; oh, come back to me!

'The wind shifts like the human mind;
The strand remaineth fast.
Though beaten by billows wild and blind,
The vessel drifts before wave and wind,
Yet my sailor is known to me.
Thou sailor afloat on the ocean vast,
Oh, wert thou adrift on a broken mast,
I would save thee from out the sea.'

The aunt's head appeared in the half-open door.

'What! Are you sitting there, writing?'

Nanna quickly put away her paper.

The aunt came into the room, and approached the table.

'Do you know that . . . I heard lately from a neighbor, who now and then sees the smith, that . . . that Tönnes is coming home?'

Nanna bent her head.

'It is quite true. He is on his way. The owners of the ship have got a letter from that English port—well, I have forgotten the name; but it is quite true. The vessel will be sighted . . Gracious! what weather!'

And the old woman clasped her hands, and kept them folded, while she listened to the wind outside.

It whistled and howled, barking around the house. Doors flapped, vanes creaked, and some dogs tried to outdo the wind by howling.

Nanna did not answer. Then her aunt nodded a good-night. In leaving the room, the candle she held in her hand was blown out by the draft. She returned and relighted it. As she stood near Nanna, the old woman bent down and kissed the young girl.

Nanna returned the kiss, a little impatiently. When her aunt had left her, she sat still awhile, her hands folded upon her knees. Then she undressed slowly, blew out the light, and lay down in her short snow-white bed.

She awoke several times. The wind increased; but at last she fell into a sound and dreamless sleep.

She was awakened by a strange mingling of sounds. She sat up, still half asleep, and tried

to realize where and who she was. It appeared to her, in the darkness and the terrible roar outside, unaccountable that she had slept so soundly. She was accustomed to hear the wind in all its stages. But to-night it was really roaring. And then this other strange sound, and the current of cold air blowing into the chamber!

She felt a little uneasy. She put one foot out of the warm bed. The foot grew icy cold and wet. She jumped out on the floor. She could not find the matches, but she got hold of a skirt which lay on a chair, and while she put that over her head and fastened it about her waist, she called out loudly for her aunt.

No one answered.

The girl waded through the water, which covered the chamber floor. She got the door open, went into the entry, called again for her aunt, heard something that sounded like an answer, and at last groped her way to the old woman, whom she found half-dead from fear, and wide awake.

'But why did you not call me before?' cried Nanna.

'Oh, my God! my God!' was all the response she could gain.

The two women made their way out of the house. Something extraordinary must have happened. Outside, they found an explanation. The salt-water dashed around the house, covering the garden, surging and receding as if upon the very beach.

It was impossible to hear each other speak. They grasped each other's skirts, and forced their way against the furious wind, through the water, out to the road running past the houses. The road was a wild stream.

Some one passed them. They cried out, but only got the answer:

'The sea is coming!'

They pressed on along the road. The whole town seemed to be under water. More people came through the darkness; they were the women from different parts of the place. They wailed and cried aloud; and our two women

followed the common course through the town, across the sand-dunes, and up toward the forest.

'Lord deliver us! the world is sinking!' exclaimed the aunt.

'It is the sea,' answered Nanna, who had recovered her senses; 'the sea, which, driven by the wind, has flooded the beach. Let us try to reach old Jacob's place!'

'What will become of the house?' asked the aunt, weeping.

'The house will stand, I hope; if not it will go down. We can do nothing!' answered the young girl quietly, dragging the old woman along with her.

They heeded not the voices and cries around them. They were driven forward by the wind, which had free sweep over the open space, on through the darkness, up toward the bluff, which they were barely able to distinguish. They reached it, climbed up, slipped, fell, and climbed again.

'I can do no more!' groaned the aunt.

Nanna had recalled all her strength, all her courage and presence of mind, all her experience with the combined elements of situations, if not so desperate, yet difficult. But this was almost too much for the young girl.

There was but little shelter here in the edge of the forest. The trees crashed against each other with foreboding sounds. In the darkness the two women stumbled over the tree-roots; and when they would speak to each other, the wind howling in the forest and the roaring from the strand drowned all human speech. It seemed as if the sea were steadily advancing over the sandy region, and that the billows would soon reach the forest.

A little distance farther in among the trees, the two women threw themselves down. They did not feel — at least Nanna did not — how the wind and the raw cold of the November night chilled them in their thin wet dresses. They only felt anxious for the safety of the town, and fearful of the storm and the mysterious danger.

At this moment Nanna thought of Tönnes.

At last dawn came. They went on through the forest, toward the signal station. They found the shanty half crushed by a fallen tree. The mast, with the balloon-baskets, had been blown down. From the station the strength of the wind could not now be shown; but it was useless. The hurricane told its own story.

Old Jacob stood outside the cabin, surrounded by a party of pale and weeping women from the town. He tried to comfort them as best he could. When he saw Nanna and her aunt, he limped to them, pressed their hands, and pointed toward the strand.

And this is what they saw down there:

One great mass of water rolling ceaselessly forward and back, leaden gray and dirty yellow in the light of dawn, nearest the forest bluff mixed with clay and fallen tree trunks, and farther out, where the beach used to be, trimmed with foaming breakers, whose heavy masses of froth and sand were hurled high into the air and sent flying toward the forest in

clouds of spray, almost blinding the anxious and expectant ones who stood there.

Beyond those breakers, whose double or treble rows marked the place where usually the inhabitants of the coast had their quiet walk to and from their daily tasks, the bay rolled its mighty billows toward the land, the incoming sea steadily adding new strength to the breakers and driving them into a rage which threatened to swallow all before them, defying even the security of the steep forest bluff.

The little town lay like an island in the sea, crossed by raging channels of water. The men were seen engaged in a desperate struggle to save their boats, their houses, their furniture. Some of the boats lay crushed under the excavated forest-bluff, whose black or reddish tree-roots looked bare and ghastly, like bundles of serpents, stretching out from the mire, strewn with sea-weed and with pieces of wreck and clay. Some of the farthest and poorest of the huts had already fallen, and the whole roaring, seething, dashing beach was

overstrewn with implements, rafters, boards, and all imaginable things, which appeared and disappeared, emerged and were overwhelmed again.

And over all the scene hung the heavy sky, with its low-lying clouds, like a gigantic sack, from which rain and salt spray and great gusts of wind were shaken down, with a roaring and howling which slackened for a moment only to begin again wilder and more inexorable.

But amidst these horrors the attention of the poor people who were silently watching the impending ruin was attracted to another sight which from remotest times on this coast had been certain of the interest of the inhabitants, no matter in what circumstances of peril they themselves were placed.

Already a sharp eye had noticed a vessel out on the bay; a vessel in this hurricane!

Some fishermen, who had rescued their own boats in safety, and whose houses were less exposed, came to ask about their wives and daughters at the signal-station.

They exchanged a few words with old Jacob; and while, a little gruffly and without any long explanations, they disposed of the many anxious inquiries of the women, there began a discussion of the vessel's situation and her chances of clearing the promontory.

'She is trying hard enough!' said one.

'It will never do, never in the world!' declared old Jacob, who had seized his telescope. 'The current will drive her aground. It is wonderful that she can still carry the sails she has. . . . There goes the fore-rigging! I thought so.'

If any doubt remained, it was dispelled by the movement of the vessel. Her course was straight toward land.

When this was seen, the fishermen began to grow animated. And the women, who knew what would take place, forgot their own affairs for a moment. Old Jacob limped on ahead; Nanna followed him, with some of the more courageous of the women and girls. They

went along the edge of the forest, to where the road led down to the smithy.

'The smith is still on dry land,' some one remarked.

'Certainly,' answered another. 'He himself is out rescuing boats. To-day he has put out his fire!'

The increasing dawn showed that the action of the sea had thrown up a barrier of sand and wreckage. With some difficulty, they got down to the smithy; but no further. The brook was swollen, and mixed its current with the water flowing over the sandy region and between the houses and the potato gardens. Outside of the smithy stood the smith himself, with some townsmen. They had rescued some boats, and these had been placed in the yard and along the fence, as if waiting to be repaired —and all of them seemed to need it.

The men had ceased for a time their work of rescue in and around the flooded town. A more serious task was now at hand.

All eyes were turned toward the sea. The strange ship, pitching and foaming through the billows, was already, on an even keel, as far in as any vessel had ever been before.

'They must know this coast, as they have set her course straight for that point,' some one cried.

'Now she strikes!' another exclaimed.

'No, not yet!'

'Now, now!' exclaimed the smith, raising his arms as though he would ward off the shock.

He was scarcely recognizable. In high boots, sou'-wester drawn down to the neck, woollen shirt with sleeves turned up, he stood with coiled line in hand, seeming to command the town.

The ship had struck—once, twice. There she rolled, where the fishermen used to lay up their boats, amidst the surf, surrounded by froth and foam, defying the combination of sand, water, land, and breakers, in the spot which she had selected as her refuge.

Then she heeled over on one side. The

breakers thundered against her weather beam, sending deluges of water high up in the air and down over the deck. Some men slipped down to leeward; some short shrill cries were heard; the men were washed overboard, and disappeared.

'We must get a boat out!' cried the smith, through the wind. 'Here, all of you, lend a hand!'

They quickly did their best, but the breaking up of the vessel went on with terrible swiftness.

She was lying with her masts almost flat upon the water; some shelter was thus formed to landward. A man who till then had been lashed to the rigging aft was seen to loosen himself and slide down on the lee side of the cabin. Others followed him. One of the boats hung so that it might be launched. They jumped into it; their knives could be seen at work cutting the ropes. The boat with its crew was floating on the water.

'Hurrah!' cried the men on the beach,

and hurried forward through water and mire. Nanna followed close behind the smith. She had tucked up her skirts; her eyes, wide open, were fixed steadily on the boat, as she leaped forward through the water—forward to rescue, in line with the hardy men.

The boat was lifted high on the first breaker.

At this moment all could distinguish the man in the stern, steering with an oar.

'Tönnes!' shrieked Nanna, and paused, pressing her hand to her heart.

The smith turned, quick as lightning, and looked at her.

She could not speak; she only pointed ahead, and at the same moment the boat was filled by the pursuing water-mass.

The men were in the sea; the boat drifted keel upward.

Nanna was close to the smith, who was the foremost of the rescuers. She did not shriek, but with the convulsive grasp of despair she wrested the line from the strong hand which held it.

'Give it to me — it is *my* turn now!' cried the girl, while with two quick half-hitches she fastened the line about her waist.

Then she leaped forward, with arms stretched out — jumped and ran, was thrown down, rose again, dived through the breakers, and still pressed on, with her eyes fixed upon a single point, always the same, whether above or beneath the greedy sea.

The line of rescuers pressed after her, holding each others' hands. Now the smith hauled in the line; he hauled steadily and swiftly . . . the other hands let go, and the men threw themselves down upon the two — the young man and the young girl — who clung to each other so firmly that they could not be separated, and, unconscious, with eyes closed, bruised and wet, were hurriedly borne into the smith's house.

There they were laid down. She had thrown her arms around him; his hand was clenched around the girl's chain. *That* cable held.

'We must get them apart, in order to roll

them, I think,' said the practical old Jacob.

The smith nodded. He seemed quiet. He had rescued people before. He had seen signs of life. He had also seen other signs.

When, an hour later, he stepped out on the stone steps of his dwelling, where some men and women were waiting, he said, taking off his sou'-wester:

'Now we must mind our other work; there is plenty to be done.'

'Yes — but those two?' asked a neighbor woman.

The smith smiled.

'They are asleep in their chambers. But they will meet again!'

THE END.

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